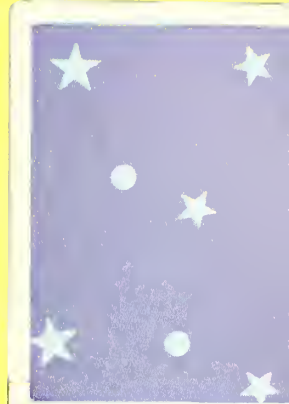




The American
LEGION
MAGAZINE
JANUARY-1940



GOOD FRIENDS AGREE—

**"THERE'S EXTRA PLEASURE . . AND
EXTRA SMOKING IN CAMELS!"**

NORTH, East, South, West, you'll hear the same story: One true yardstick of cigarette pleasure is *slow* burning! Kenneth E. (Nick) Knight (*below, left*) confirms the experience of millions of smokers when he says: "One of the first things I noticed about Camels was their slow burning. I figure that's why Camels smoke so much cooler, milder and taste so much better. Camels last longer, too." Howard

McCrorey agrees on Camel's slow burning, and adds: "To me that means extra pleasure and extra smoking per pack."

Yes, the *costlier tobaccos* in Camels are *slower-burning!* And of course the extra smoking in Camels (*see right*) is just that much more smoking pleasure at its best—*Camel's costlier tobaccos!* Enjoy extra pleasure and extra value in America's No. 1 cigarette...Camels!



**CAMELS—LONG-BURNING
COSTLIER TOBACCOS**

Whatever price you pay per pack, it's important to remember this fact: By burning 25% *slower* than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—*slower than any* of them—CAMELS give a smoking *plus* equal to

**5 EXTRA SMOKES
PER PACK!**



Cigarettes were compared recently... sixteen of the largest-selling brands... under the searching tests of impartial laboratory scientists. Findings were announced as follows:

1 CAMELS were found to contain MORE TOBACCO BY WEIGHT than the average for the 15 other of the largest-selling brands.

2 CAMELS BURNED SLOWER THAN ANY OTHER BRAND TESTED—25% SLOWER THAN THE AVERAGE TIME OF THE 15 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS! By burning 25% slower, on the average, Camels give smokers the equivalent of 5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

3 In the same tests, CAMELS HELD THEIR ASH FAR LONGER than the average time for all the other brands.

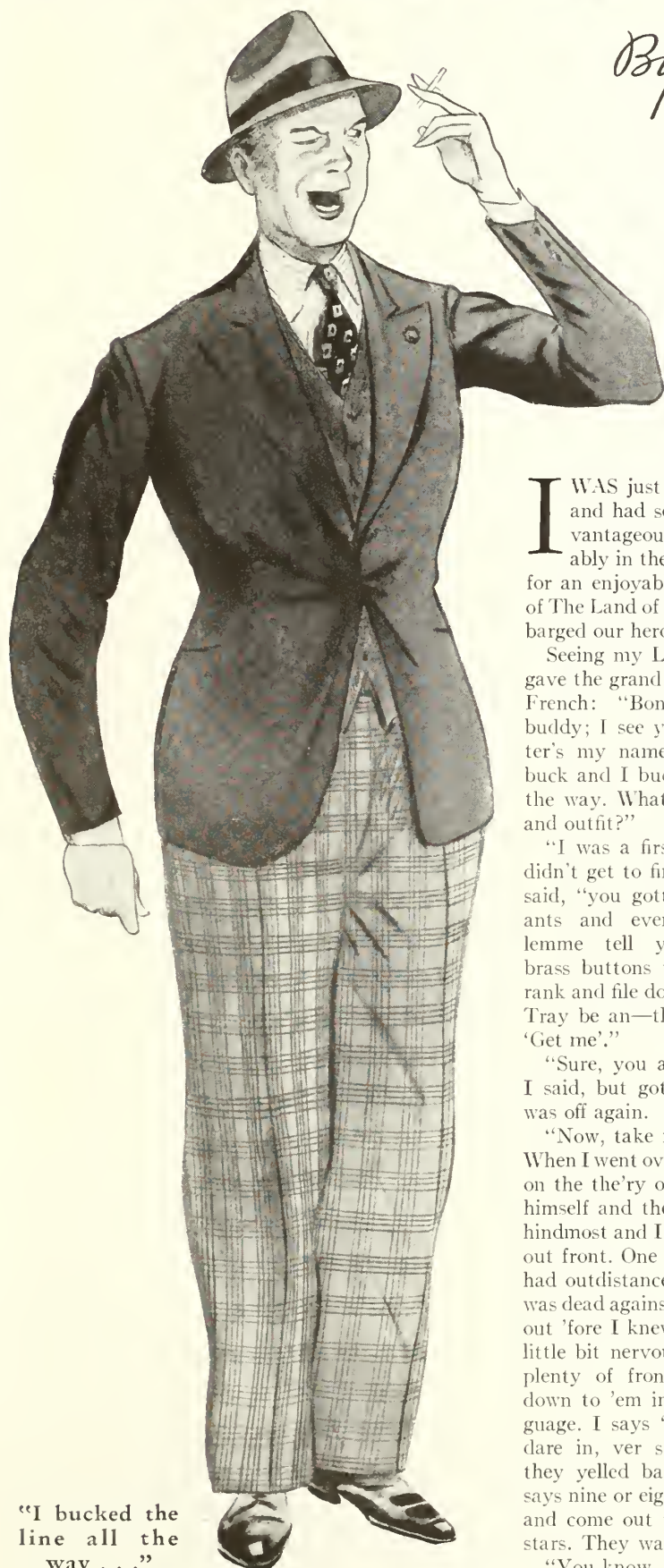
**MORE PLEASURE PER PUFF...
MORE PUFFS PER PACK!**

**PENNY FOR PENNY
YOUR BEST CIGARETTE BUY**

Copyright, 1939, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

RIGHT GUY

By PAT McBRAYER
Illustration by George Shanks



"I bucked the line all the way . . ."

I WAS just out of Asheville and had seated myself advantageously and comfortably in the observation car for an enjoyable trip and view of The Land of the Sky, when in barged our hero.

Seeing my Legion button he gave the grand hailing signal in French: "Bonjewer m'sewer, buddy; I see you belong! Carter's my name; I was just a buck and I bucked the line all the way. What was your rank and outfit?"

"I was a first lieu—" but I didn't get to finish. "Well," he said, "you gotta have lieutenants and even generals but lemme tell you—braid and brass buttons without the old rank and file don't win no wars. Tray be an—that's French for 'Get me'."

"Sure, you are dead right," I said, but got no farther. He was off again.

"Now, take me for instance. When I went over the top I went on the the'ry of every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost and I was always way out front. One early morning I had outdistanced the boys and was dead against an enemy dug-out 'fore I knew it and I felt a little bit nervous but I put on plenty of front and I yelled down to 'em in their own language. I says 'Vee feal soljern dare in, ver stayen see,' and they yelled back 'nine' and I says nine or eighteen, surrender and come out reaching for the stars. They was eleven of 'em.

"You know, while I was just

a plain buck, a fightin' man and all that, and didn't crave no commission, I'd 'a got one if it hadn't been for what Sergeant York done two or three days after my brave deed. You know he captured a whole lost German battalion single-handed. When he done that he shore did steal my thunder—but at that I had done my duty by Uncle Sam."

Here I started another attempt to get in a few words and really succeeded in saying, "How would you like going to war again?"

"That all depends," he said. "If this country had a real reason for fighting I'd go in a minute, but when a feller goes through one war and done his duty as I done and all that, it's mighty fine to hear them French words, 'Feeny la gair,' which means to cease firing."

"You have an amazing knowledge of the French language," I managed to venture, and made him think I meant it.

"Yes," he says, "I took to it like a duck to water; seemed like it just come natural to me and all that—and say, them French gals: I just kept 'em splittin' their sides laughing when I'd tell 'em American jokes translated into French."

At this juncture I reached for my cigarette case and was about to offer him one when he said: "I'll take one off you, 'silver play'—that's French for 'please.' Now, speaking of French, it's easy if you'd remember it by something—for instance, silver is money and if you have money you can play or do as you please; that's the system and it works every time. Duck soup is what French is to a feller that has an ear for it. Now you take German, they say 'verstayen see' for 'do you understand'; well, I like to mix 'em up like a baseball pitcher and all that, not for show but because German and French, and especially French, is so expressible and everybody knows that French is what peace treaties and diplomats is written in.

"In one of them French college towns one day the boys got me to talk to a French perfesser and boy did I wind him up? I'd puncterate with German and garnish with Spanish that I picked up during the border campaign. He didn't tarry long but humped it off, shakin' his head and dangling his hands. 'Course, different sections (Continued on page 39)

For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion.

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JO CHAMBERLIN'S fascinating account of the Zeebrugge expedition recalls two similar but unsuccessful American exploits. In December, 1861, sixteen whaling vessels from New Bedford and New London were loaded with granite and sunk in the main channel of the harbor at Charleston, South Carolina. The Confederates thereupon found another channel that would work. Again, in 1898 Naval Constructor Richmond Pearson Hobson with a crew of seven sank the collier *Merrimac* in an attempt to bottle up Admiral Cervera's fleet in the harbor of Santiago, Cuba. There was just enough leeway for the Spaniards to come out one ship at a time. When they did this a month later their fleet was destroyed in a gallant fight.

"FOR one hundred years we haven't been prepared and we've never been attacked. Now the point is this: The Army is built on the National Defense Act, written in 1916 and amended in 1920, and it provides for giving four million men to another country, and now the Administration is saying we've got to build it up to that, which is perfectly absurd, for protecting our shores. Why, the police in New York City could take care of it here and in the rest of the country the Boy Scouts could do it."

Hold your hats, everybody! No, the foregoing wasn't taken down by a stenographer in a psychopathic ward, but was actually said by a supposedly responsible person in a 75-station, coast-to-coast radio broadcast, on the evening of December 2, 1939. Miss Jeannette Rankin, who had the distinction of being the first woman to serve in the Congress of

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IMPORTANT

A form for your convenience if you wish to have the magazine sent to another address will be found on page 60.

the United States, as a Representative from Montana, made the statement in a "panel" discussion on the Columbia Broadcasting System's *People's Platform*. She was by way of answering a challenge by Mrs. William H. Corwith, National President of The American Legion Auxiliary, who asked Miss Rankin and the other members of the panel, Princess Alexandra Kropotkin, author and lecturer, and Miss Josephine Schain, Chairman of the National Committee on the Cause and Cure of War, to cite a single instance of the United States being prepared in a military sense at the start of any war in our history.

It was then that Miss Rankin, one of those who in 1917 voted against our getting into the World War, made the statement about the New York police and the Boy Scouts of America. Earlier in the discussion she had said that "there is no nation or combination of nations that can attack this country successfully," and that "every merchant knows there aren't boats enough in the world to bring over an expeditionary force of more than fifty thousand people—men, soldiers. And everybody knows that those on the shore would have a better advantage, so that with fifty thousand on each of our shores with all we possibly need to keep out . . ."

MERCIFULLY, at this point Mrs. Corwith broke in and thus saved Miss Rankin from saying something possibly even more ridiculous. If what we have quoted represents the best thought of the National Council for the Prevention of War, of which Miss Rankin is currently the legislative representative, its members had better start reading American history.

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Blind Man's BLUFF

BY
RICHARD
MATTHEWS
HALLET

Illustrations by
FORREST C. CROOKS



ELLEN PAULSEN'S heart beat faster when she heard the jingle of sleigh-bells. That must be Barr Leavitt's pung ploughing down the back road. The snow evidently had been too deep for his truck. But at the bottom of the steep attic stairs she stopped short, remembering that nothing had happened to change the situation between her and young Barr. They had quarreled over her coming here to take this job of practical nurse to old Uncle Myron Kent.

"That old man? Why, he's dirty and his house is dirty. It's not fit for a decent girl to live in," Barr had protested.

"He's blind," she had said gently.

"Blind! What if he is? I guess you think you are going to twist him round your finger, honey up to him and get him to leave you all that money he's reputed to have, tucked away somewhere on the premises. The rats have got it all by this time if it did exist," Barr insisted, with a violent arm round Ellen's waist.

She had twisted away and slapped his face furiously, and they had parted in anger.

Now she was finding out that Uncle Myron was dirty enough in all conscience. The kitchen was frightfully sooted. Black cobwebs wavered overhead, the walls were black, the glass door to the steeple clock was blind with soot. The south wall was even charred a little, where it had caught fire from Uncle Myron's hanging up a red-hot poker there. Worse than anything, he had painted the ground-floor windows with green paint, not wanting people to look in on him in his blindness. The place was actually so dark that Ellen Paulsen had to have a lamp lit in broad day, to do her work.

And nothing could be moved, not even so much as one of the tubs or pails placed to catch droppings from leaks, because that would change Uncle Myron's world for him. Ellen Paulsen could brush down cobwebs with a bandaged broom, sweep the gummy floor, milk the cow, chop wood, get meals and administer



She cried out in
terror as his hand
closed on her wrist

Uncle Myron's heart-pills as the doctor had directed; but this was all.

Now, with her Scandinavian look of strength and wholesomeness, her round arms and corn-silk hair, she stepped gingerly past Uncle Myron, who had the writing-board propped on his knee. His face was iron-colored, positively as if iron-filings had been ground into it. His clothes would stand alone, and his thick, mouse-colored hair was dreadfully untidy. The heel of his hand left a smooch on the writing-tablet.

Barr Leavitt drove the grocer's delivery wagon, and Ellen was hoping he might see fit to make it up with her this morning, because the place was really giving her the creeps.

"Barr Leavitt's outside," she said to Uncle Myron.

The old man grunted, kept on writing. The writing-board had a cleat across the top, and two upright cleats on the sides, notched. When he wrote, he put a long, smutty spike in the top notches, and brought his pen-point down with each stroke to the round of the

The old man had money pinned all over his coat with safety-pins. Dollar bills he pinned with single safety-pins. Five-dollar bills had two safety-pins, and tens, three safety-pins. He tendered Barr one of the ten-dollar bills, and Barr gave him back a five and some small silver as change.

"I don't know how you get by, I'm sure, Uncle Myron," the young man said. "Must be a lot of people in the world

you ever think he might take the shape of a woman?"

He looked with more than a trace of resentment into Ellen's eyes, and her own blue eyes blazed and widened.

"I'm onto Barr. He's trying to queer me with Uncle Myron. Much good that will do," she was thinking.

Uncle Myron said, "Woman was the shape he took, considerable. That time I blasted into a crib of flour gold on the



The door swung in—but it was Barr Leavitt that faced the gun

spike, rolling the spike into the next lower notches when he came to the end of a line. The spike ruled his writing for him.

Barr Leavitt banged his way in with a basket of groceries. With his red cheeks and the patch of snow on his dark hair, he looked like an angel of light to Ellen Paulsen. But he was still unreconciled, she saw. He dropped canned goods on the table.

"Comes to four dollars and twenty cents, Uncle Myron," he said.

that'll tell you what isn't so when it comes to changing money."

"Plenty," Uncle Myron growled. "Satan comes right snug in back of me and sets his feet down in my foot-prints. We don't make but the one track. He takes different shapes too."

Barr Leavitt said whimsically, "Did

Yukon, and got a piece of rock in my left eye with the same blast that made me rich, there was Satan's cruel rage clubbing me down. He took the shape of a girl named Ada Farwell. She was some handsome. There was I on a bed of pain, with one eye destroyed, and if I could have got to a doctor I could have saved the sight in the other; but Ada had took my dogs and some loose gold, and lit out."

"She couldn't have got all your gold, Uncle Myron," Barr said, and again he

looked at Ellen, as if to say ironically, "Maybe I can help you put your finger on it."

"Not what was stored in the earth, she didn't take," the old man muttered. "That was a glory hole, right. I been living on it all my days, and I ain't come to the end of it yet, young feller. I still got enough to buy five or six slack-salted cod, and you can bring 'em round tomorrow when you're coming this way."

unlock the door, go out and bang it behind him. He had complained that Ellen didn't strip the udder. Let him strip it himself then, she was thinking. Coming down-stairs, she found the door into the ground-floor bedroom open. Was it in there that Uncle Myron kept his money? Certainly there was a big iron-bound trunk there, standing in the middle of the floor.

The trunk's padlock stuck out at an

he could put his finger on her idlest thought. And she *had* had just the tip of the tail of a notion that if Uncle Myron should die and leave her money, she could bring Barr Leavitt to his knees with it. That was really all she thought of doing with it. She could buy out Lafe Bracker's grocery, and set Barr up in business.

It was nonsense, of course, she kept telling herself. More likely than not, the poor old man was at the end of his rope. He might not have enough to pay her this week's wages. There could be no harm, at least, in just lifting the lid of this tantalizing trunk. She tugged at it with an impulsive motion of her strong young body. A hinge squeaked, there was a cold puff of camphor-laden air. The trunk yawned, bulging full of old wool socks, china pitchers wrapped in underwear, blue flannel shirts. She plunged her arms deeper, groping, and brought up a photograph mounted on a gray mount.

This must be Uncle Myron himself, in hip boots and black beard, and a revolver pocket at his hip. He was standing in front of a cabin with caribou horns nailed on over the door, and had his arm round a girl with a face of impudent beauty, and a form corseted within an inch of its young life. That must be Ada Farwell.

Ellen Paulsen was all eyes, and then suddenly she heard the cow still roaring in its stall.

"Where's Uncle Myron gone to?" she thought.

And with that thought, an old hand full of iron bones closed on her wrist. She cried out in terror. Like Satan, Uncle Myron came from behind. With his infernal cunning, he had banged the door, and then, pretending to go into the barn, had actually scuttled back in here, and folded himself away behind a rag of curtain on a string, which had served somebody for a wardrobe.

"What are you up to now, my girl?" he said.

His fingers ground her flesh; he had surprising strength.

"I was thinking you might have some stockings in this trunk." Ellen Paulsen faltered. "Those you have on aren't fitted. They're all holes."

"They'll do. I wouldn't go mousing round in here if I was you. Say I was to miss money, then where would you be? Here, you take a look at this bill young Leavitt gave me. What's the spot?"

"It's a five-spot, Uncle Myron."

"It better be. How do I know, though? If he will lie, you will swear to it, I guess, thick as thieves the way you are. Where I have fallen out of God's eye the way I have, it wouldn't be any great undertaking for a body to come creeping round me in my sleep and change a five to a one."

"There, that's enough of that," Ellen Paulsen cried, trying to recapture her authority as nurse. "It's time for you to take your pills, Uncle Myron."



Barr Leavitt went out, and Ellen heard his fingers slithering along a wire. Uncle Myron had strung wires everywhere, to the mailbox by the road, to the well, to the barn, to the wood-pile. With the help of these wires, he moved quick as a lizard in his black world.

Ellen Paulsen, feeling horribly low, went up into her attic room. This room at least she had tidied, but it was papered with old newspapers pasted against sloping walls, the window was nailed fast, and at night rats as big as cats went squeaking and fighting through the walls. The bed had a hollow in the middle where foxes might have nested. Standing in front of the bureau's cloudy glass, Ellen brushed her hair clear of a smooch that had got on it.

"Uncle Myron," she called down, "that cow's roaring in her stall. I wouldn't wonder if she didn't have a dripping udder."

He didn't speak, but she heard him

inviting angle too. It wasn't locked, and curiosity burned in her. Did Uncle Myron really have as much money as people said he had? On her very first day here, when the coal man had to be paid, Ellen had asked artlessly, "Where do you keep your money, Uncle Myron?"

And he, with his rasping chuckle, had replied, "Don't you wish you knew?"

Ellen, feeling her skin crisp in one burning wave, as if the blood had fluctuated all through her body, had faltered, "It's just that the coal man is here at the door."

"You come to me when you want money. I can peddle it out. You no need to know where the old man keeps his shin-plasters."

"Shin-plasters?"

"Rag babies. Green-backs. It ain't the virgin gold I keep by me here," Uncle Myron had mumbled.

With that terrible clarity of the blind,

Preparing them for him, she thought, "What a box I am in now." If she left his service, as she was half tempted to, now that Barr had turned against her so, Uncle Myron might accuse her of thieving from him. Her blood was ice in her veins, and that night she slept brokenly.

When, in the middle of the next forenoon, Barr Leavitt threw open the door, and deposited a bag of slack-salted cod, he looked lithe and beautiful, as if his whole body might be full of light. But his face was as forbidding as ever. He was stubborn. Ellen had acted against his best judgment in coming here, and now he ignored her altogether. Seeing money fluttering on Uncle Myron's shrunken chest, he rapped it gently with his knuckles.

"Better get you a cake-box to put that money in, Uncle Myron," he advised. "Rats'll nibble it off while you sleep, like it is there."

"Human rats, more likely," Uncle Myron said, with his detestable cackle. "Here, boy, here's the bill you gave me yestiddy. I somehow disremember what it was."

"What was it? It was a five-spot. But it's a one now. It's a dollar bill," Barr cried, leaning close and fingering it. "Why, holy Indian," he was beginning again, and then, breaking sharp off, looked strangely at Ellen, who felt her heart beat hard against the roof of her mouth.

"It takes different shapes," the old man mused. He didn't seem awfully upset. He went on, "It's dwindled, seems so. Over-night. While I slept."

"No. I'll tell you what," Barr was saying decidedly. "I must have made a mistake yesterday. I must have given you a one for a five, everything black here the way it is. Here's four more ones, Uncle Myron."

The old man took them and stuck safety-pins through them, one after the other, and stroked them down softly. Barr Leavitt went away, and Ellen Paulsen felt badly shaken up. Much as ever if her legs could still support her, she was thinking, and sank despairfully into a chair. Barr, she well knew, had made no mistake in change yesterday. And Barr knew that he had made no mistake. Why, then, his alacrity in producing those four one-dollar bills? Did he think perhaps that Ellen was the guilty party? What else could he think, she wondered, breathing fast.

She glanced at Uncle Myron. He had picked up the writing-board again, and his blind eyes fixed on her a bright, sharp, iron look, like a hook cast out to tear the secret from her breast. He had changed the bill himself, deliberately, she was certain of it. Now, if he chose, Uncle Myron could accuse her of stealing, and Barr Leavitt then would have to testify against her.

Ellen was on the point of crying out at Uncle Myron, "Why have you made me out a thief in his eyes?" but her throat closed against that utterance. She felt sick at heart, outcast forever now, even from Barr Leavitt's good opinion, let alone his love. She could never patch it up with him.

She snatched the lamp, and ran up the attic stairs, seeking her room for refuge. Almost at the top step she stumbled, and heard Uncle Myron chuckle, "After that, you won't get married this year."

Now suddenly she caught the drift of things. The old man had sensed that Barr Leavitt was outraged at her being here. He was trying to drive a wedge between them, so that Barr's influence could not prevail with her to leave. Heaven knew, he had succeeded in that undertaking.

Ellen put the lamp down on the bureau and stared into the cold glass. Her breast heaved, her hair was bushed out over her ears in great untidy masses. She looked wild, and even to her own eyes, half-guilty. Yes, the very shape of Satan. What could Barr have thought but guilt, guilt, guilt? He had shielded her, but he despised her.

She lay down on the bed without undressing, not even thinking of falling asleep. She did drop off, finally, and then, waking with a start, felt as if something or somebody were sitting by her bedside. "Here I am waiting for you," that shadow seemed to say. The shadow of Barr Leavitt's contempt for a woman who would juggle with a blind man's money. It was only two o'clock, but now she was on fire to put herself right with him

again. He lived a mile away. She could wake him by throwing a snow-ball up against his window.

She dragged on her coat, and took her shoes in one hand. The lamp was still burning, but her hand trembled when she lifted it, and she was afraid the chimney might drop off. She blew the flame, and put the lamp back on the bureau. The house-door was close to the bottom of the stairs, and she knew exactly where the key was hanging.

She started downstairs in her stocking feet. The house was full of diabolical starts and frost-snappings, but Uncle Myron didn't seem to waken. The kitchen was quiet. The narrow flight of stairs was almost as steep as a ladder, and the sharp turn near the bottom had made necessary six or eight wedge-shaped steps which forced her to crowd against the south wall. Her arm rasped against the teeth of a big cross-cut saw hanging from a peg.

The saw replied with a nasty jangling whisper, and Ellen sucked her breath in quick and stood still. She felt sweat rilling between her shoulder-blades. Half a minute went by, and still no sound from Uncle Myron's corner. She went down another step.

There was a clash of loose iron parts, and from a point just below her, Uncle Myron gave a wide-awake titter, and in the pitch-dark nipped her toes in his fingers. He had been crouching there, waiting, after stretching that string of iron straps across the doorway.

"Morning so soon?" he inquired.

"It's not morning, Uncle Myron,"

Ellen quaked. "I feel a little upset, that's all. I was going to drink some hot water."

"Take off your coat and stay awhile," he said mockingly.

He had felt the edge of her coat, and knew that she was lying. She jerked her foot away from him convulsively. She meant to leave him now, no matter what he charged her with. She ran back upstairs, felt out matches, lit the lamp, and put her shoes on.

Downstairs again, she saw what Uncle Myron had been up to. He had hung strings of iron straps every which way, from the house-door to the attic stairs, from the stove to the north window, and from the barrel of the twelve-gauge shotgun at his bedside across to the knob on the sink closet. It was a kind of iron tickle, there was no moving at all without brushing into it. Worse than anything, the key to the house-door was gone from its nail, and he had locked the door into the ground-floor bedroom. Ellen had the liberty of the black kitchen, the villainous steep stairs, the attic room, and that was all.

"Sit ye down," he said. "We'll have a little scripture reading. Satan shall cast out Satan."

He scuttled away, and brought out



from under the head of his bed a massive pulpit Bible with deep-sunk gilt channels in the black cover and a heavy gilt clasp. He planked it down against the pile of dishes on the table.

"Uncle Myron, I'm just the worst reader in the world."

"Let you tell it. I've always kept the marker here, snug up against the Song of Solomon, which is the song of love, didn't you tell me? I never did misdoubt ye. Let's have a go at it again. What's it say? 'Thou art all fair, my love; there is no spot in thee.' Go on from there, Ada."

"Uncle Myron, let me go," Ellen Paulsen cried. "You're dreaming. You have confused me with another woman. This is Ellen . . . Ellen Paulsen."

"So 'tis, my lady-bird. You're enough like her though to *be* her. Maybe you ain't quite so hard in the shell, but your hair's got that same heavy damp feel into it. You are good lathe-work on the part of the Almighty, right down to these little pickers and stealers," he went on, wrenching her fingers. "Come, read the Song pretty to me."

Uncle Myron dragged his chair close against Ellen's, and held her left arm hugged against his ribs.

"The lamp's smoking," she said, with a choking cough.

"Let it smoke. You can see to read, can't ye?"

She began reading in a trembling voice, and soot from the smoking lamp fell on her arms, on her hair, on the musty page with its giant print. When she faltered and stopped, he pinched her arm.

"Come, read the Song," he commanded. "Read where it says, 'Whither is thy beloved gone, O thou fairest among women, whither is thy beloved turned aside?' Read on from there."

"I'm faint. Let me make a cup of coffee," she begged.

"That's you. Always a woman for your coffee," Uncle Myron said.

He let her go; but, stooping to open the draughts of the stove, she touched with her elbow one of those strings of jangling scrap-iron. Did he actually mean to make

a captive of her? He could, perhaps, if he wanted to. Her window upstairs was

nailed; and anyway under it on the ground outside, masked with snow, was a heap of old bricks and broken glass. As for this block of darkness here, Uncle Myron knew it like the inside of his brain. Ellen herself, with her sooted arms and hair, might be nothing but a shadow-shape inside that skull, a phantom of yesterday which he had cunningly coaxed in over his door-sill.

Drinking her coffee in great gulps, she murmured, with a side-long glance at his attentive face, "I forgot to tell you. I've got to be away a little while this morning."

Uncle Myron came and stood over her, clawing at her shoulder.

"Not you, my lovey. What if Uncle Myron should have one of his dying spells, and you not at hand to minister unto him? I ain't only jest a-carrying my life like an egg in a spoon. You sit by, like you're paid for, and tend out on me."

"I tell you, I've got to have a breath of air. I can't be everlastingly cooped up here in this smelly place."

"It won't be so long as all that comes to," he muttered. "I guess if I can stand it, you can."

Interminable hours passed. Finally came the jingle of sleigh-bells, the pluff, pluff of hoofs falling in drifted snow. Barr Leavitt. Ellen Paulsen was in a mood to throw herself into that young man's arms. She took a long breath secretly, not wanting Uncle Myron to know how this rescuing sound had affected her.

"I never knew him come two days in succession," the old man said. "He's got a crush on you, h'ain't he?"

"He hates me," Ellen Paulsen cried. "He thinks I'm perfectly despicable."

"Tut. When he opens the door now, don't you go fluttering your lashes at him, dearie."

"Uncle Myron, I'm not made of iron. You're hurting me," Ellen gasped.

Then she saw the full extent of her predicament. Uncle Myron stood there

with a knife clasped in his hand.

"You send him (*Continued on page 46*)



The Bible on the floor caught his eye, but there was something else too

St. George for

"VOLUNTEERS are wanted for an undertaking of real danger!"

These mysterious words went quietly 'round the British navy in November, 1917. And the volunteers, it was added, should *not* expect to return. The time had come for desperate endeavor.

A German victory was terribly close in those dark days. Russia had collapsed on land, the Allies were retreating before German legions released from the Eastern front. At sea, the U-boats were sinking 400,000 tons of ships a month, four times as much as they would send to the bottom in the first months of the repeat war in 1939. If they kept this up, the Allies would collapse before the Yanks could unleash their full power.

Manned by these volunteers, there assembled in the mouth of the Thames a broken-down battleship, several obsolete cruisers, two ferryboats from Liverpool named the *Iris* and the *Daffodil*, and other craft—seventy-four vessels in all, including motor boats. Admiral Roger Keyes, commander of this strange armada, revealed at last to his men that they would attempt what no navy had ever accomplished: the blocking of a harbor. In fact two harbors—Ostend and Zeebrugge.

Captured by the Germans in 1914, and heavily fortified by them, these two Belgian ports were a threat to the lifeline of ships from England to France. Here, only eighty miles from Dover, was the lair of at least ten destroyers, thirty-five torpedo boats and thirty submarines. From Zeebrugge ran a ship canal to Bruges, six miles inland. A similar canal connected Ostend with Bruges. At Bruges was a great shipyard, converted by the Germans into a naval base 300 miles nearer England than any German port. Only torpedo boats could use the canal from Ostend. But down the deeper canal from Zeebrugge destroyers and submarines came and went at will.

Admiral Keyes proposed to cork these lethal canals by sinking British ships across their entrances. If he succeeded, thirty submarines would be bottled up for the rest of the war.

Zeebrugge, the German sub-base, was naturally the No. 1 objective. Shielding the canal mouth from the storms of the North Sea, a mole, or breakwater, curved in a semicircle one and one-half miles out from shore. Most of the mole was a huge railway dock for the supply of German warcraft. Connecting the dock with the shore was a viaduct of open steelwork which supported the railway. To protect the mole were machine guns, barbed wire, eight heavy guns mounted on the mole itself, and along the coast 225 guns with ranges up to eighteen miles. They were there to blast to bits any Englishman silly enough to try landing troops at this strategic spot for a flank attack on the German army in France.

KEYES planned to land troops on the mole merely to divert and mislead the enemy. Meanwhile, three old cruisers would slip around the mole, sneak into the harbor, and sink themselves across the mouth of the ship canal. It sounded simple, yet it was complicated, because wireless or other method of signaling was tabu and everything had to be done on time schedule.

The most important actor in this drama was incalculable—the weather. There should be no moon. The wind ought to be blow- (Continued on page 42)

By

JO CHAMBERLIN

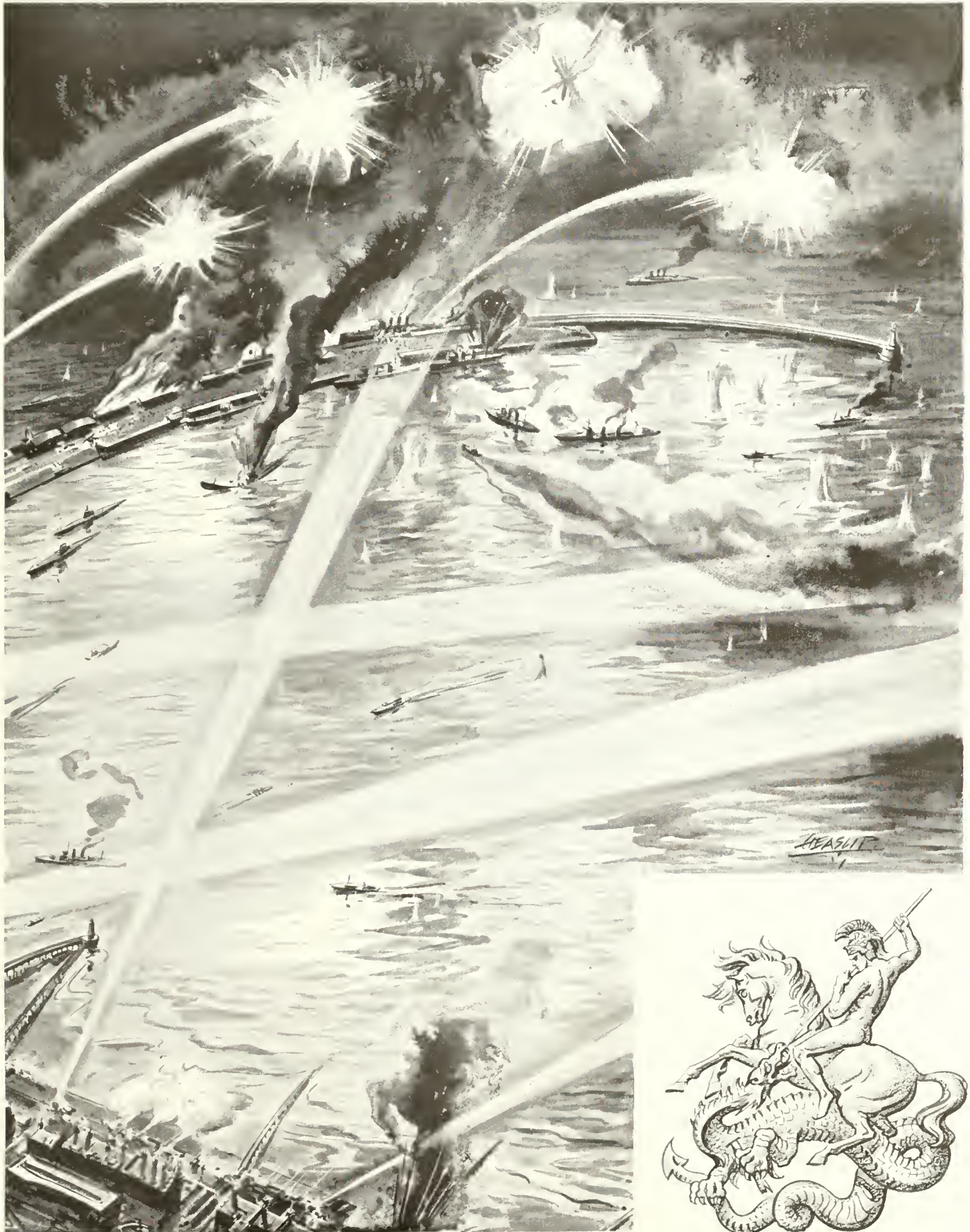


Illustration by
WILLIAM HEASLIP

In one flaming blast the viaduct roared high in the air, cutting the mole off from the shore



ZEEBRUGGE!





Whom WE DELIGHT by to HONOR

MARQUIS
JAMES

ON A blustery afternoon in March, 1937, a company of distinguished citizens forgathered on the wind-swept campus of New York University, which crowns a hill overlooking as much of the city as one can see standing on the ground anywhere, and the sweep of the blue Hudson. In a granite edifice that makes one feel the force of its name, the Hall of Fame for Great Americans, a bronze bust was ceremoniously unveiled. By this means Grover Cleveland joined the select ranks of our immortals. Mr. Cleveland and Abraham Lincoln are thus far the only statesmen born after the Revolutionary War to be chosen to the American Valhalla on their record as political leaders, and only he and Alice Freeman Palmer among the seventy-two immortals chose others to the Hall. Mr. Cleveland and Mrs. Palmer were electors in the 1930 poll.

The seventy-two immortals illustrate the distinction between fame and popularity. Most of the names are household

words of American achievement, but there are others—well, what do you know about Maria Mitchell, Joseph Henry, or Mary Lyon? And perhaps I might add, Josiah Willard Gibbs, who came within a few votes of election in 1935?

The mode of election to the Hall is so unhurried, so freed from the influences of partisanship, sectionalism or contemporary acclaim, and the qualifications of the candidates are so searchingly examined that there can be little wonder that the result has constituted the most exclusive group in the world. Nor is it remarkable that unfrequented paths in the annals of American endeavor should be trodden, with the result that a few men and women, comparatively unrecognized by history, have been adjudged suitable company for Washington and Lincoln, Grant and Lee.

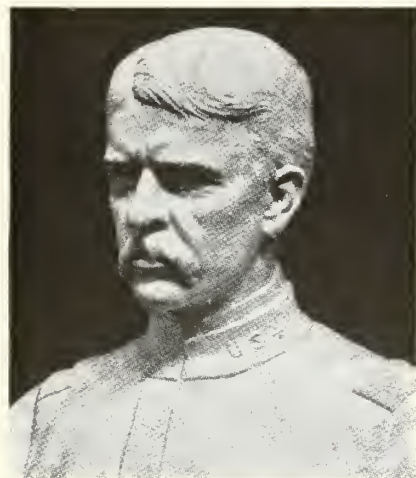
ELECTIONS to the Hall of Fame are held every five years. The next one will be in October of this year of 1940. Any citizen may submit nominations, but those nominated must have been dead for 25 years to be eligible. The list of nominees goes to a board of electors,

The Colonnade of the Hall of Fame for Great Americans, in New York City

consisting at present of one hundred and fourteen eminent persons selected by the director and approved by the Senate of New York University, and representing every State in the Union. They ballot on the nominees, and those receiving the votes of three-fifths of the electors are declared chosen. This is merely a sketch of the sifting process, which requires nearly a year. In 1935 more than a hundred nominees were voted upon but only three—William Penn, Simon Newcomb and Grover Cleveland—got the three-fifths vote necessary to elect.

George Washington received the highest vote that has ever been cast for a nominee—ninety-seven. He was elected in 1900, when the Hall was inaugurated, and when only ninety-seven electors voted. At the same time Lincoln and Daniel Webster tied with 96 votes. Franklin received ninety-four, Grant 93, Jefferson 91, and, with others intervening, Henry Clay 74. The election of Web-

ster and Clay on this first ballot is an example of historical judgment correcting contemporary judgment. These gentlemen were aspirants for the Presidency oftener and longer than any other men in our history, always without success. Some of their victorious adversaries have never received a vote for the Hall of Fame and others have received conspicuously few votes. Thus it has not been without result that Henry Clay declared, "I would rather be right than President."

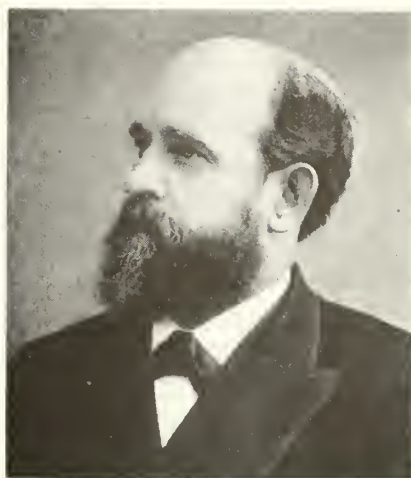


Walter Reed, the army surgeon for whom the great veterans' hospital in Washington is named. He got 57 votes five years ago

An interesting fact about the seventy-two inhabitants of the Hall is that twenty-seven were born in Massachusetts, or twenty-eight counting Longfellow, who was born in the District of Maine before it became a separate State. Virginia is next with nine, New York eight, Connecticut four, Rhode Island, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Ohio have two each, and New Hampshire, Indiana, Kentucky, Maryland, South Carolina, Tennessee and Missouri one each. Eight were born outside the United States: William Penn in England, Alexander Hamilton in the British West Indies, John Paul Jones in Scotland, John James Audubon in Haiti, Roger Williams in Wales, Louis Agassiz in Switzerland, Augustus Saint-Gaudens in Ireland, and Simon Newcomb in Nova Scotia.

All but a few of the seventy-two were born more than a century ago, consequently the poll merely confirms the unmistakable leadership in thought and action of Massachusetts and Virginia during the first half century of our life as a nation. Of the first six Presidents four were Virginians and two were natives of Massachusetts. These two, John Adams and John Quincy Adams, are the only father and son among our immortals; Henry Ward Beecher and Harriet Beecher Stowe were brother and sister. There are no other doubles.

Two of the immortals were born in



Henry George, author and reformer, received a total of 56 votes in the 1935 election

the seventeenth century, thirty-four in the eighteenth century, and thirty-six in the nineteenth.

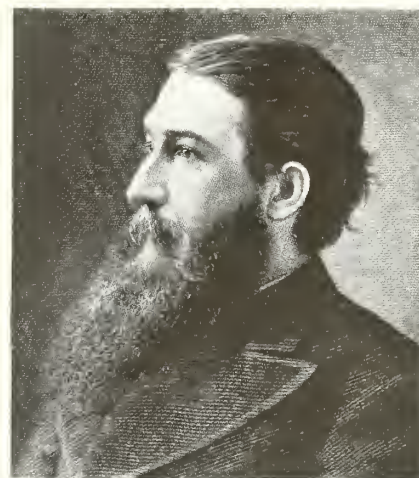
Place and time of birth is not, however, the truest index to the field of activity of our most famous people. We are a restless race, and particularly was this true in the decades after the Revolution when frontiers were pushing westward and every few years saw a new State fashioned from the wilderness. Daniel Boone, the father of Kentucky, was a Pennsylvanian. Pennsylvania early lost its other protégé, Robert Fulton, who



The bust of Grover Cleveland, latest to join the select company of American immortals

invented the steamboat in Paris and made a commercial success of it in New York City. Edgar Allan Poe and Benjamin Franklin were born in Boston, but their lives are identified with Virginia and Philadelphia. Mark Twain, the only one of the seventy-two born west of the Mississippi River, did most of his writing in Hartford, Connecticut.

Admiral Farragut went to sea at nine and retired at sixty-nine. He hardly knew what land looked like, but was born in the Tennessee mountains, the son of a



Sidney Lanier, poet of the Southland and soldier of the Confederacy, who in the last election received 55 votes

Spanish mariner and adventurer temporarily enticed from his logical element. Maury, for whom Tennesseans have named a county, was born in Virginia. Lincoln, born in Kentucky, rose to greatness in Illinois. Webster, who has received more votes than any of the shoal of native sons, emigrated to Massachusetts from New Hampshire. Five States, as well as Ireland and the high seas, have claimed Andrew Jackson. He was born in South Carolina.

It is not easy in every case to classify our immortals by profession. Would you call Washington a soldier or a statesman? Either could be supported by good arguments, though he earned his livelihood by farming. One is tempted to group him with the soldiers because it was through the Army, with which he was identified for fifteen years before the Revolution, that he found the road to greatness. The Hall of Fame puts him with the Statesmen. For fifty years William Cullen Bryant edited the *New York Evening Post* and was one of the celebrated journalists of his day, but he lives as a poet. Oliver Wendell Holmes was a surgeon and the foremost anatomist of his generation, and although that side of his career is not widely known, it is a toss-up whether he contributed more to literature than to surgery.

Eli Whitney, a school teacher, invented the cotton gin, (Continued on page 61)

I SKULKED *a* LITTLE

By

PETER
B. KYNE

Illustrations by
HERBERT M. STOOPS

OLD soldiers are great hands for back-tracking to the emotional experiences of their youth. In 1924 I back-tracked to the spot where I had experienced my first baptism of fire, took one look, choked up with rage and sadness and while a feeling of old age descended upon me, back-tracked away from there. My wife, who accompanied me, gave me a queer look and said: "Peter, what's wrong? What are you all choked up about?"

"Everything's wrong," I finally managed to tell her. "When I was here last on the morning of February 5, 1890, all this country hereabouts was wooded. Now it's been cut down to make pasture fields for white men's polo ponies. You see that sign? (It was a sign in the form of a T-square, white with a black pointing-finger and the legend *Café Ritz*.) It points to that big nipa roadhouse where soldiers and sailors dance with native ballerinas and get soused. And there's one of the gals on the front porch now giving me the come-hither look."

"Well, what do you expect in the Orient?" my wife replied. "What's wrong with the *Café Ritz*?"

"The last time I saw the ground that horrible shack now occupies," I answered, "eighteen men of M Company of the 14th United States Infantry were lying scattered around there dead and I was hopping in and out among them, trying not to step on them and hoping none of the dozens of Filipino riflemen shooting at me was up on musketry. This ground

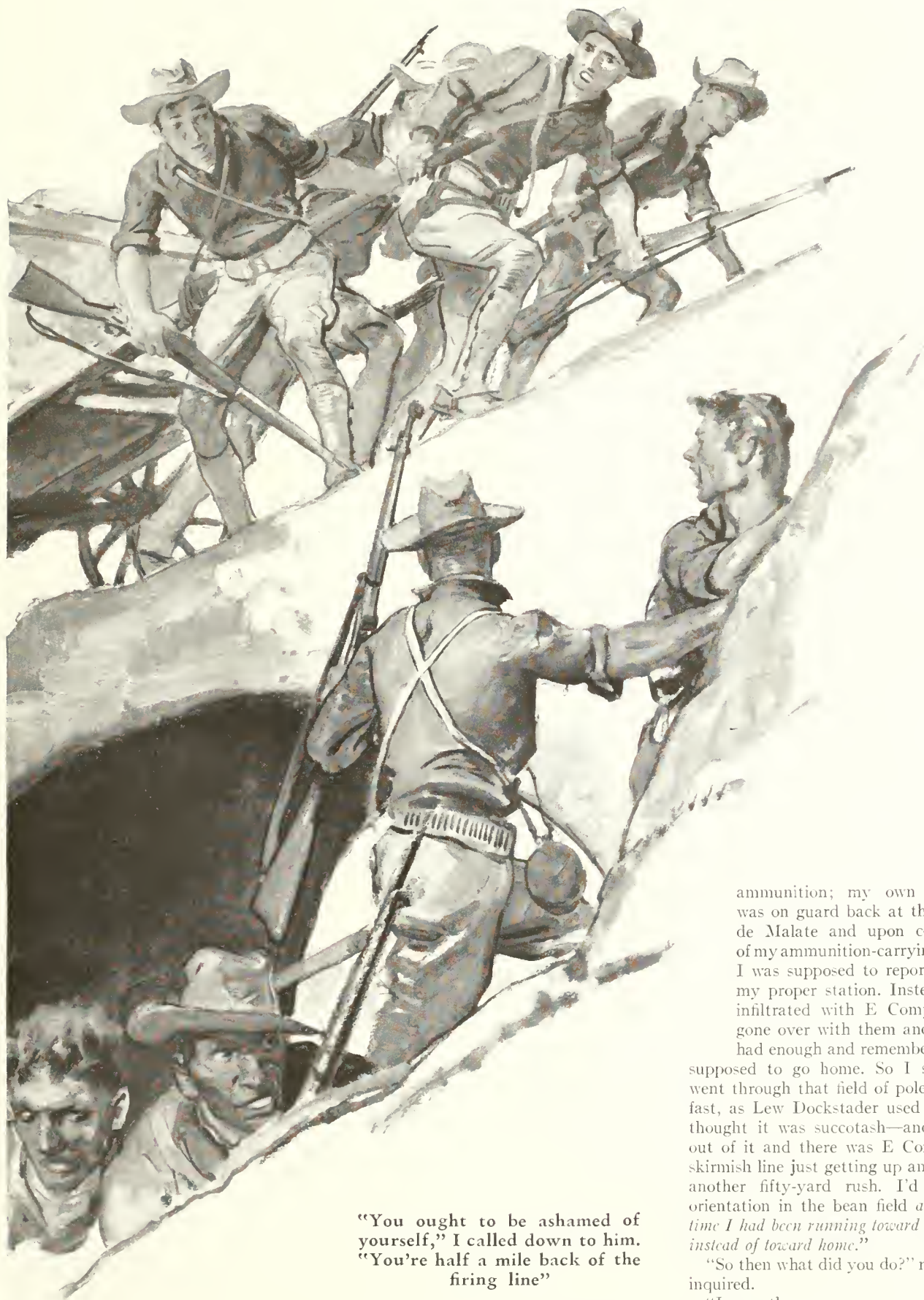
is holy and it's been profaned. I don't want to prowl any further in the fields of my youthful glory. Let's go back to Manila."

"Just what part did you play here?" my wife asked, and I replied, (for with the years I have become more or less

honest): "My dear, right here, a quarter of a century ago, I skulked a little."

"What do you mean when you say you skulked a little?"





"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," I called down to him. "You're half a mile back of the firing line"

"I mean I fled from the firing line and found myself a nice safe place to hide."

"You mean you were a coward?"

I nodded. "But didn't anybody say anything to you about it?"

"Oh, yes," I replied, "a dead man said to me, 'Look here, kid, I skulked and hid in this trench in this field of pole beans and a low ball got me. You better get to hell out of here.' So I took his advice. I had no official business in that fight, anyhow. I had merely helped drag out some

ammunition; my own company was on guard back at the Cuartel de Malate and upon completion of my ammunition-carrying mission I was supposed to report back to my proper station. Instead I had infiltrated with E Company and gone over with them and now I'd had enough and remembered I was supposed to go home. So I started. I went through that field of pole beans so fast, as Lew Dockstader used to say, I thought it was succotash—and I came out of it and there was E Company in skirmish line just getting up and making another fifty-yard rush. I'd lost my orientation in the bean field and *all the time I had been running toward the enemy instead of toward home.*"

"So then what did you do?" my spouse inquired.

"I saw the enemy was running so I infiltrated with E Company again and helped them pursue the enemy and hoped nobody had the goods on me."

On our way back in the car I stopped and gazed intently at a spot in the lush grass. "Seeing ghosts again?" the woman asked.

I nodded. "I see the ghost of Corporal Steinhagen, of G Company. He was hard hit and fell right there and he was the first evidence of war I had seen on my way out with that cursed ammunition." I lifted my hat to the spot. "Steinhagen was a Man," I told her, "and had a great deal to do with instilling in me something that was good for me in later years."

We went on down the Cingalon road and I paused on the concrete bridge across a little slough that was a river in the rainy season but was now as I had seen it last, dry. I peered over the parapet. "What, another ghost?" exclaimed madame.

"Yes, another ghost. The ghost of Jack Tosney of M Company. Jack and a few more heroes were hiding in that ditch and under this bridge as I passed over it on my way out with that ammunition. I was ashamed of Jack. I said: 'Jack, what the hell are you doing here?' And Jack said: 'I'm scairt!' And I gazed down on him with all the majestic disapproval of my eighteen years and said, 'Jack Tosney, you're skulking, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself. You're half a mile back of the firing line.' And Jack Tosney burst into tears and shrieked: 'You wait till you get out there, you nosy little so-and-so. You'll wish you had wings so you could fly back!'"

Poor Jack. He died of pneumonia five years later. He was a master prophet and I told him so over a bottle of warm beer a week later and apologized for my high and mighty attitude toward him that day. Strange to relate neither of us ever skulked again . . . I daresay that, like a mean dog which is entitled to one bite, every soldier is entitled to one skulk—or ought to be. In the words of the colored gentleman: "'Tain't no disgrace to run when you's afraid." The disgrace lies in not getting on to oneself and going back. I did that accidentally and Jack Tosney did it intentionally so I suppose he was worthy of membership in a regiment with a glorious tradition.

This singular adventure never would have befallen me had I been born with sense enough to keep my mouth shut until somebody asked me a question. The Cuartel de Malate where my regiment was quartered was a fine old Spanish barracks about three-quarters of a mile back of the line of battle on the day when Aguinaldo decided it was time to give Los Americanos the raus. The

ruckus had started north of the city about eight o'clock the night before and had been all night creeping around a twenty-mile front to our sector. We had ten companies of my regiment in Luzon and nine of them had gone out that night and taken up position along the Cingalon road; at dawn when they started across country toward the enemy a sweet riot promptly developed on our front—First North Dakota Volunteer Infantry, 14th U. S. Infantry, 4th U. S. Cavalry (dis-mounted), Utah Field Artillery (two batteries, man-drawn), and the First Idaho Volunteer Infantry. Mausers, Remingtons, Krag-Jorgensens, 45-70 caliber single-shot Springfields and 3.2 field pieces combined to produce a racket that made funny little tingles caper up and down my young person as I stood on guard on Number 1 post back at the Cuartel de Malate. We used to do company guards and my company had mounted guard with due pomp and ceremony on the morning of the 4th of February, so we were deprived of our share of the alleged glory in the second battle of Manila which was fought on the 5th.

The front gate was flanked with three-



In that field I could count eighteen dead Americans

foot brick pillars and safe behind one of these I stood and watched hundreds of high-overs kicking up little dust-devils in the Calle Real on which the cuartel fronted. It's very interesting to survey such a scene from a perfectly safe front

seat, and I felt very brave and tried to appear nonchalant. There was a devil's tattoo of Mauser bullets beating on the barrack galvanized-iron roofs and dropping into the square between the buildings and a ricochet might have done me a mortal injury, but of this, being unversed in warfare, I was happily ignorant.

I came off guard just as the first sergeant, who under our guard system was sergeant of the guard, was boiling about sixty general prisoners out of our very elegant bastille. Having been built by the Spaniards for such, it housed all the tough hombres in our brigade. Presently I saw that Dad Keyes, the first sergeant, was depressed about something and upon making inquiry discovered that in the excitement one of the prisoners had escaped and Dad wasn't very happy about having the blame for this hung on him. I asked which one had escaped and Dad said he didn't know and none of the other prisoners would tell him.

Now, a boy who isn't abnormally curious has something wrong with him. On the instant I was as curious as Dad Keyes to discover the identity of the escaped one and I imagine I must have been fairly smart then for I said to Dad: "I bet it's that murderer, Haffy. He's going to swing so he would be the one to take a chance and escape." I walked down the front of the prisoners, paraded in the sallyport, and sure enough Haffy was missing. "You know him?" Dad Keyes queried. Know him? Of course I knew him. I used to stare up at his red-bearded brutal face between the bars of the guard house window and say to myself: "That man is going to swing." "Of course I know him," I told Dad and what did the old scut do but say: "Good. Petie, you dash out and get him, dead or alive. He can't be gone more than five minutes!"

Out into the Calle Real! Out among the dust-devils and the swarms of bullets coming up the road from the firing line three-quarters of a mile distant. And I knew they weren't spent bullets, either; I knew a Mauser bullet would sicken a man at three miles. I thought Dad ought to go himself, so I described the man minutely. After all he was Dad's responsibility, not mine. But Dad gave me a little push out the gate and said: "You go get him, Petey-boy," and I went—like a tin-canned dog.

Now, the barracks stood about a hundred yards back from the bay-shore, and there was a six-foot cut-bank along the shore. A man trying to make his way to the Filipino lines (I figured Haffy would do that) wouldn't run straight down the Calle Real in the line of fire. He'd cross to the beach, and travel along under the protection of the cut-bank. I thought this because I wanted to travel there, too! When I got down to the beach I saw Haffy about two hundred yards ahead of me hurrying toward the front so I jogged after him; presently he

I could have poked the barrel into their brains, but all I wanted was to get away from there

turned and saw me and started for the bank. I knelt and fired four shots and missed and then he was over the bank and gone. But so was I—in time to see him dodge through the big iron gates into the grounds of a South American consul's villa. I'd done a guard there once, so I knew I had Haffy run to earth and could not escape over the sixteen-foot brick wall topped with broken bottles.

Well, I found him in the consul's stable and marched him back up the Calle Real and tried to be casual about it because I couldn't afford to show this tough guy that I had the wind up. I got home with him and reported, with a snappy rifle salute, to the company commander, who was also the officer of the day: "Sir, Private Kyne reports with an escaped prisoner."

It is my recollection that neither he nor Dad Keyes even said "Thank you" for my noble and successful effort, although both would have been in dutch

pretty deeply but for me. I sat down on a bench in the sallyport and reflected on the ingratitude of men—and then who should come pounding through the gate but a runner from the front, bearing a verbal demand on the officer of the day (who was also by now, commanding officer of the post) for a dozen and a half cases of Krag ammunition. The regiment had gone out with 250 rounds per man and was already running short. This runner brought us the first news of the action, but his tale was quickly told. "They're shootin' hell out of us" was the sum total of his report.

The company commander went into a huddle with Dad Keyes and the burden of their plaint was: How are we going to get eighteen cases of ammunition out

there? I knew blamed well how they were going to get them out there. They were going to pick eighteen men from the Big Fours and each wretch would carry one out, which would come under the general heading of a chore. I knew they wouldn't

pick me for that detail, because I was far down among the Little Four, so I went back to the bastion at the gate to watch the dust-devils in the Calle Real.

Down the Calle Real I saw a native coming in a quilez, or springless, country cart, his pony galloping. Fifty yards from me the pony took a bullet between the eyes and dropped and the native leaped out of that cart and fled like a roebuck.

You would think that my pursuit of that murderer would have taught me to keep my lip buttoned. But it didn't. Nothing ever could! All my life I have been speaking out of my turn. I yelled: "Mr. Burnside, sir, we have transportation for that ammunition," and I pointed up the street. Dad (*Continued on page 40*)

TO NOWHERE *and* BACK

By
IRVING WALLACE

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN is in an uproar. Above the blare of a brass band, seventeen thousand frenzied spectators, rising in a huge wave from their seats, scream and cheer at the death-defying spectacle below. For in the pit of the Garden, on a steeply-banked white-pine saucer, fifteen men in gay colored sweaters hunch over their brakeless bicycles, pedaling at forty miles an hour.

It is the final night of the six-day bike race!

Purring wheels, vicious skids on wafer-thin tires, courageous pilots maneuvering their plunging craft high on the track rim, hanging almost from their heels, then darting crazily down through yard-wide openings. And the wide-eyed, disheveled crowd, leather-lunged, turning the Garden into bedlam.

The fifteen riders go slithering past. The crowd cheers them impartially, though these riders come from eight nations. You can hear the names of the various competitors on all lips.

There, in the morbid black sweater, is 52-year-old Reggie McNamara, the "Iron Man" from Australia, who has ridden 114,000 miles in his career, equal to five times around the world, and now pumping his last race. And beside him, wheel to wheel, hammering his legs desperately, is the dark-haired Apollo from Germany, Gustav Kilian, fastest sprinter alive.

Charging up from the rear, worming and slashing through the field, is the 230-pound redhead from Victoria, Canada, Torch Peden, who once rode 81 miles an hour on a bike, and is now attempting to repeat it. Just ahead of him, steel spokes merged into a silver blur, struggling to hold his own advantage, rides Alfred Letourner, the firebrand representing France. And above him, almost at a right-angle, another Frenchman, a World War veteran, raised in the Marne countryside, the anemic-appearing, crafty Maurice Brocco.

Others are farther back, their heads wagging, their faces bright with sweat, their bodies slung low over handle-bars. They are biding their time. One of them is Gerard Debaets, the clown from Belgium, the Nick Altrock of the sport, whose face is serious now. And hawk-faced Franco Georgetti, the great Italian champ, his high-necked sweater streaked with sweat. And hanging on, Tony Beckman, the American boy from New Jersey. And still another American, a former amateur titleholder from Kenosha, Wisconsin, clean-cut Bobby Thomas, swinging high on the saucer.

Spectators bob from their seats. Most are standing, waving excitedly, as the fifteen riders go jamming into the far turn of the immense nine-lap track. The air rings with tumult, shouting, lusty cheers—for the Americans, for the Bel-

gian, the Italian, the German, the Frenchman!

Seventeen thousand maniacs are applauding the annual jam session of the League of Nations on Wheels! They are cheering this international perpetual-motion convention of bike riders, stars of every color, creed and nation, who worship the same god—Courage.

THAT'S the way it was last winter. This winter they had only ten teams in the affair, and cut the grind from six days to five. The war, you know. Kilian and his fellow-German Vopel weren't on hand, and McNamara, Brocco, Georgetti and Beckman were also missing. A couple of outsiders won, but tradition held when Torch Peden and his brother finished second.

I am here to say that in all the world no finer institution exists. The six-day bike race may have its faults but you've got to give it an awful lot of credit. It promotes goodwill among men of different nations. It shows American spectators that all men, from everywhere, from every land, are fundamentally no better, no worse than themselves. And it places a premium on fortitude and the accent on skill and stamina. Here's to courage!

In brief, it is six-day bike racing, here to stay: an international wonderland of speed which will, when the new war is done, once again bring the French and

the Germans and the Italians and the Australians together, on whirring wheels, as neighbors, to remind them of the futility of their hate, and to impress upon them again the fact that people can get along together if they half try.

THE sport itself, not unlike a mortal, suffered much before it came of age.

The first International Six-Day Bike Race was staged in the old Madison Square Garden, away back in 1891. The bikes were old-fashioned, primitive relics—manufactured by a sewing-machine company—with high front-wheels and hard rubber tires. They were nicknamed “bone-shakers,” and they scrambled the anatomy of their riders.

In the initial 1891 event, men were not teamed. The race was a free-for-all, each competitor riding as an individual, pumping as long as he could, resting, and then once again pedaling. The pace of the high-wheelers seldom varied, and laps were rarely stolen. Stamina, and not speed, won in the end. When these pioneer contestants reached the climax of the week’s effort they were fit for a psychopathic ward. Most of them, bruised, fatigued, glassy-eyed, in the final hours of the race steered around and around talking to themselves. One pedal-pusher was smarter than the rest. His name was “Plugger Bill” Martin, and during the last two days he carried a monkey on his shoulder, and conversed with it to keep his wits alive and himself awake.

On the final night “Plugger Bill,” with the miniature baboon on his shoulder, wobbled home in front—after 142 hours of going nowhere—and became the first six-day-bike king in American history.

This went on for eight years. The sport

was condemned. It was labeled inhuman. Such voluntary six-day punishment was bellowed down as stupid and cruel. And above all it was unforgivably dull. Spectators tired of seeing lone exhausted individuals inching along the track. Eventually the spectators furnished the show, starting feuds with fists, settling them with blackjacks, to the accompaniment of snores from the Bowery habitues who panhandled themselves enough to turn the gallery into a flophouse.

Finally, in 1899, the law-makers stepped in, and revolutionized the sport. They decreed that no man could ride more than twelve hours a day. So the two-man teams were formed. The high-wheelers had by this time given way to speedier new safety bikes.

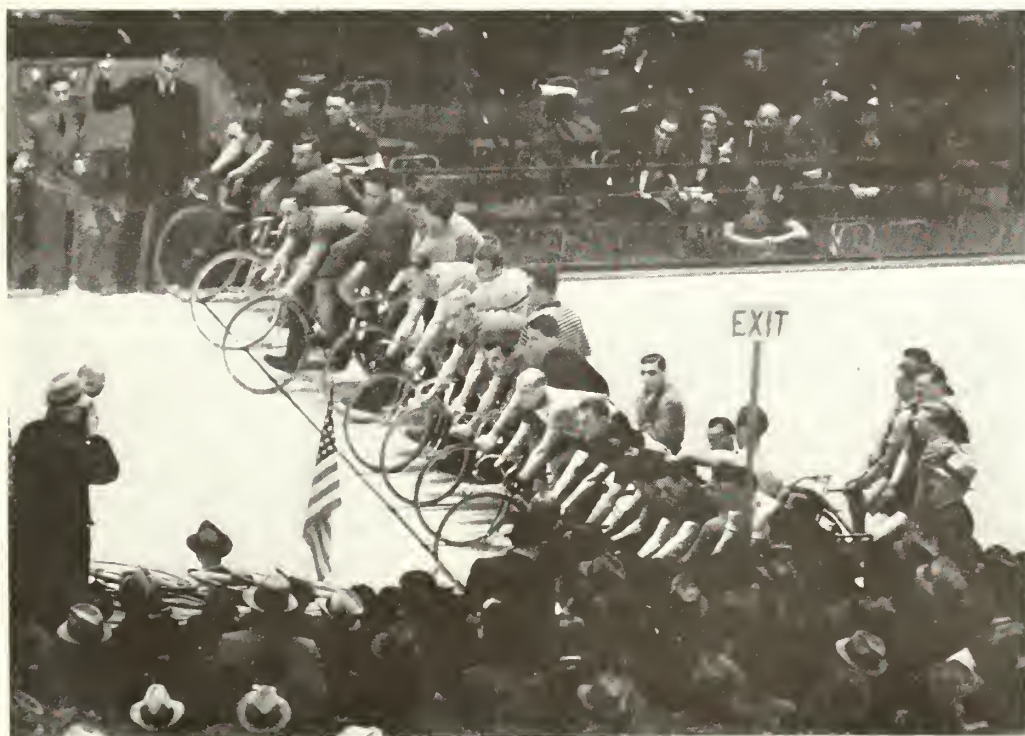
In its new Sunday clothes, the sport picked up. All the great came to Madison Square during six-day week. Harry Payne Whitney attended, and Diamond Jim Brady, Fifth Avenue, Broadway, and points east and west. But there was still one weakness. Too often, teams ended in mileage and lap ties at the end. This would necessitate the best sprinter from each tying team pedaling a match race for an extra mile to determine the winner. It wasn’t always quite fair, and it was anti-climactic.

And so, in 1916, the “Berlin” point scoring system was introduced. This bit of mathematical hokus-pokus involved a series of short sprints each day of the competition—the winners of the sprints in the first phases of the contest receiving six points, the winners of sprints on Friday acquiring twelve points, and the sprint victors in the final hours on Saturday night being credited with seventy-two points.

These points for each team were used only in case of a mileage tie, when the pair with the highest total of sprint points



Two of the six-day riders after they’d tangled handlebars. At left, Glenn Cunningham, who knows something about endurance himself, starts the teams on their grind



was acclaimed the victor. If one team led all others by a full lap or more at the finish points were disregarded.

Which all leads up to one of the most hair-lifting races ever run, over twenty years ago, in the old Garden. It was one of the farewell appearances of the greatest team in all bike history—Goulet and Grenda. They were perfectly paired. Alf Goulet was a gutty Frenchman who rode like a dervish and whose brain was a synonym for strategy. His mate was a giant, hook-nosed (Continued on page 44)



The Blue Eagle of NRA, born in 1933. Here's the New York parade the movement inspired



The Bonus Expeditionary Force of 1932, which was forced out of the nation's capital

THE binge was over. "The era of wonderful nonsense," as the booming twenties were to be known, appropriately had ended in deserved anguish of recovery from the horrible hangover represented by the busted balloon of stock market values. It *had* been fun, but "Never Again!" Yep, we were through the old wringer and it was in painful sobriety and with the best of intentions that we welcomed the new decade of the nineteen-thirties.

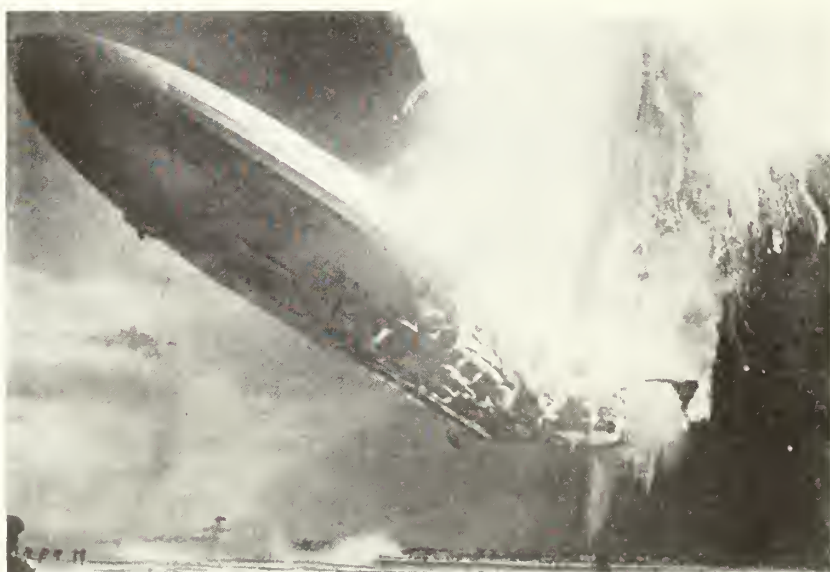
"Two cars in every garage and a chicken in every pot," still remained the American goal on January 1, 1930. Soup-kitchens of the moment were merely an unavoidable temporary phase while necessary readjustments were worked out. Business conditions, we were told, remained fundamentally sound. Was not deflation happily over? Yes sir, and it was good to be on rock-bottom again.

If the answer to such popular beliefs was to be found in the skeptical phrase of the moment—"Oh Yeah?"—at least one monumental accomplishment could be treasured by simple, plain peoples the

world over. An era of assured peace was beginning. The Kellogg Pact, outlawing war as an instrument to settle disputes between nations, at the start of 1930 had been formally adopted by every world power.

Looking back at American interests as

10



The Hindenburg, destroyed in explosion and fire at Lakehurst, New Jersey, in 1937, with a loss of thirty-six lives



He had been head of the British Empire the year before, but in 1937, when he married an American, he was just another duke

this promising new decade opened, in the matter of styles women's skirts were being lengthened. From ballet brevity they reached for the ankles. Millinery of the period suggested in shape huge inverted bowls covering hair and ears like a headguard. But save as in recent years the loud checks and pastel-covered shirts of sport wear have given a rainbow touch to male attire, the cut and tones of men's clothing have altered little. A suit of 1930 vintage would not attract undue attention today. The family car of the period, however, would prompt smiles. Streamlining was yet to revolutionize auto design. Radiators, headlights, and windshields all remained vertical. Every home had its radio, but

if one excepts Amos and Andy, and a newcomer known as a crooner—Rudy Vallee—the list of popular air-wave entertainers of 1930 would not be recognized.

The theater, however, was going strong. Hits of the period were *Street Scene*, *Strictly Dishonorable*, *Fifty Million Frenchmen*, *Death Takes a Holiday*, *Green Pastures*, *The Last Mile*. An actor in the last named has come far in the films in the last decade—Clark Gable—but it is surprising to find in the movies so many stars still shining after ten years. Gary Cooper, Norma Shearer, Loretta Young were "big draws" in 1930, with stars only recently taken off top billing, Chevalier, for instance, and Warner Bax-



It happened in 1937: Start of the unofficial war between Japan and China, still raging



Begun in 1936, the war between factions in Spain ended with defeat for the Reds in 1939

CROWDED

Years

BY SAMUEL TAYLOR MOORE



George V's death in 1936 ended a reign begun in 1910

ter. The movies had only recently found voice and early in 1930 the talkies went musical comedy in a big way.

Yes, the national concern as the new decade made its bow was how to restore prosperity. And the burning political issue of the moment was Prohibition. Congress appeared determined to compel enforcement of the Eighteenth Amend-

ment. The Jones Bill providing for \$10,000 fines and five years' imprisonment, or both, for first offenders had been law for a year. The House vote had been 283 to 90, the Senate 65 to 18. Kansas listed more than a thousand "ginger-jake" paralysis victims. Government agencies announced intentions to continue putting (*Continued on page 52*)



Hitler took over in 1932, ten years after Mussolini



The Morro Castle, beached at Asbury Park, New Jersey, after fire which took a toll of 122 lives, in 1934

65 Million—



BY BARRON C. WATSON

IT IS 4 P. M. on the 20th day of December, 1930. Somewhere off in the Southwest the final shotgun bumps out its last legal charge of No. 4's, a bird tumbles, possibly, and thus ends the best duck-gunning season this country has seen for long years.

Some 65,000,000 ducks and geese have hurtled down the continental flyways that fan out from the vast breeding grounds south of Great Slave Lake to our Atlantic, Pacific and Gulf shores. Around one million Americans have taken joyous, but reasonable, toll of the migration. And there still remain more migratory waterfowl to rear next spring's brood of ducklings than in any winter during the past decade—twenty-two percent more than there were last year.

There is a story back of this jump in duck population—a non-statistical, human story, with a twist and implication in it to warm the cockles of any real American's heart.

To appreciate what has happened among the ducks we shall have to start back at a time when the members of the Legion averaged in stature about the height of a full-grown Canada gray goose.

In the 1890's the United States had some of the grandest duck-shooting regions anywhere on the globe. Every autumn the dipping ducks and the diving

ducks, pintails, teal, mallards, coots, blacks, ruddies, canvasbacks, redheads, buffleheads, ringnecks, wood ducks, gadwalls, oldsquaws, shovelers, mergansers and Canada geese, blue geese, white-fronted geese, brant, snow geese and swans—to mention just a few—came streaming down from somewhere up north in an apparently inexhaustible perennial avalanche.

Successively along parallels of latitude from Passamaquoddy Bay and Puget Sound to the bayous and bottoms along the Gulf of Mexico and around countless lakes and potholes across the continent, gunners banged away at the birds to their hearts' content.

The bag of game was unlimited. Sportsmen rigged out blinds and floats whenever and wherever they wished. They shot over wood tollers or live decoys, and lured birds with bait if they wished. They had the precious privilege of dawn and dusk shooting. They could plan trips with nary a glance at the calendar. Those were the good old days, and the methods and lore were of the forefathers, handed down from dad to son and from oldtimer to novice.

Of course the bird counts were nothing to the myriads reported by explorers and early settlers, but there were still plenty of them, and no one worried about the



A Manitoba duck-banding trap gets pintails and coots whose case histories will help increase our duck population

progressive diminution. Not until after the World War.

It is curious how so many evils stem back to that conflict. In the case of ducks it was the big wheat prices in the Allied markets that brought the trouble. Farmers began to drain and plow every tillable corner of land in the North Central States and prairie Canada. Shallow lakes and sloughs became smooth highlands. The old water-holding

and MORE *to Come*



sod of prairie grass was destroyed. A plague of egg-eating crows followed the plow northward and westward. Almost no one realized it, but the agricultural juggernaut was rolling over the duck factory of North America, drying up and obliterating the only home the birds could, or would, use for a nursery. On the American side alone 17,000,000 acres of breeding ground were ruined.

Each spring the ducks were forced

farther north or else they nested in rain-filled places which dried up just in time to kill the ducklings. On the other hand, sudden freshets common in skinned-off land might raise water levels and drown broods. Lowered ponds became alkaline and lost the grasses and sedges that provided duck food. The former pond bottoms exposed fostered the germ that spreads botulism, the deadly "duck disease." If the birds survived these con-

ditions, ravenous crows still took a toll—surveys have shown they destroy thirty percent of the new generation in some areas.

America tried the same solution as was applied to the liquor problem, prohibition—and with the same result. Open seasons were made shorter, the number of legal birds per daily bag was reduced, more restrictions were thought up to frustrate and enrage the gunners. The system fostered law-breaking and bootleg gunning, but as fewer ducks were killed each year, fewer birds came back the next season.

By 1930 America's wild ducks had been reduced to 30,000,000. That is a long way from extinction, but the decline had been so great it was plain that duck shooting would disappear if the birds didn't. A permanent, all-year closed season loomed as the doom of what its devotees maintain is the most fascinating and highly-skilled of all our traditional kinds of hunting.

This is where a group of prominent American business men and sportsmen went into action. They got together in 1930 and banded themselves into a foundation called More Game Birds in America.

None of these men had any interest in profiting from an increase in wild ducks or other game birds except in an esthetic sense. Some of them liked to shoot and others were (Continued on page 50)



An engineer doing preliminary work near site of an Alberta dam whose construction will mean more ducks for sportsmen

By Frederick C. Painton

ILLUSTRATIONS
BY RAYMOND SISLEY

THE pain in his swollen joints never left Jimmy Tooby day or night. The local physician who took charity cases diagnosed it as arthritis deformans, and spoke of lime formations growing in the bone joints, formations that grew larger and hardened so that Jimmy was gradually losing the use of his fingers and toes. Later, unless the progress of the disease were arrested, he might be unable to bend his back or his elbows, his knees or his neck.

"The only cure I know of," said the physician, "is a warm climate, good food, lots of rest and peace of mind. Heliotherapy would help allay the pain."

Jimmy's lips curled hopelessly. "That's a honey," he said bitterly, "and me on the town."

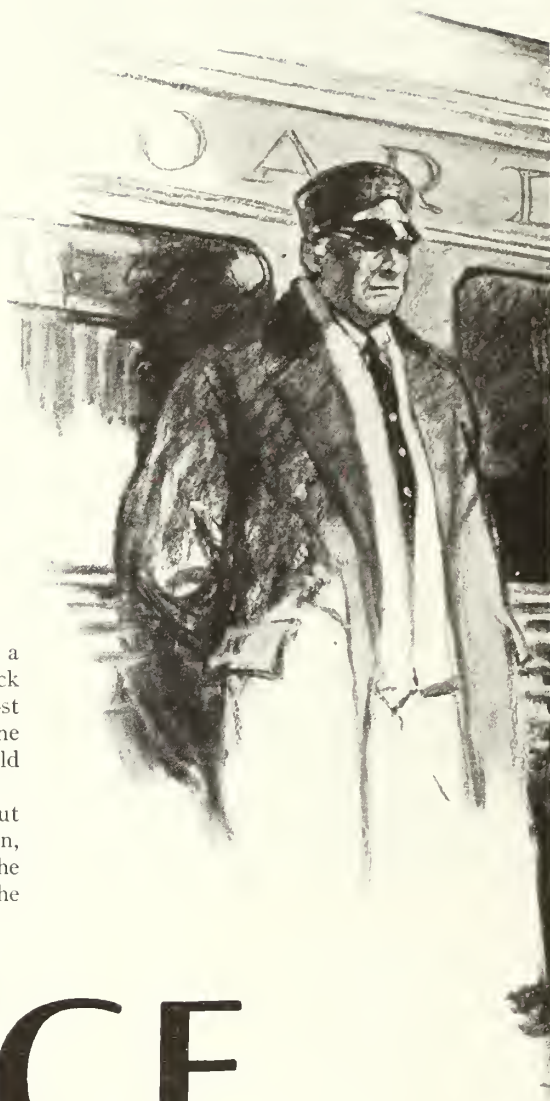
He was forty-four years old, his wife was dead, and he had spent the last of his savings months before. He couldn't go back to work even on the automatic machines to which he had been transferred when the heavy lathe work was beyond his strength. The community

welfare workers saw that he was fed, paid his room rent, and finally shifted him to the charity ward of the Good Samaritan Hospital.

"On the town—a pauper," he used to say again and again. "Better croak and get it over with."

No doubt of it, he was getting worse. You can't lie on your back day after day, suffering agony every time you flex a muscle, brooding about a black future, and beat arthritis. He lost weight rapidly; privately the physician did not think he would last a year.

The welfare worker found out he was an old field artilleryman, and the next time she went to the big city she dropped by The



A PLACE to GO



American Legion service office.

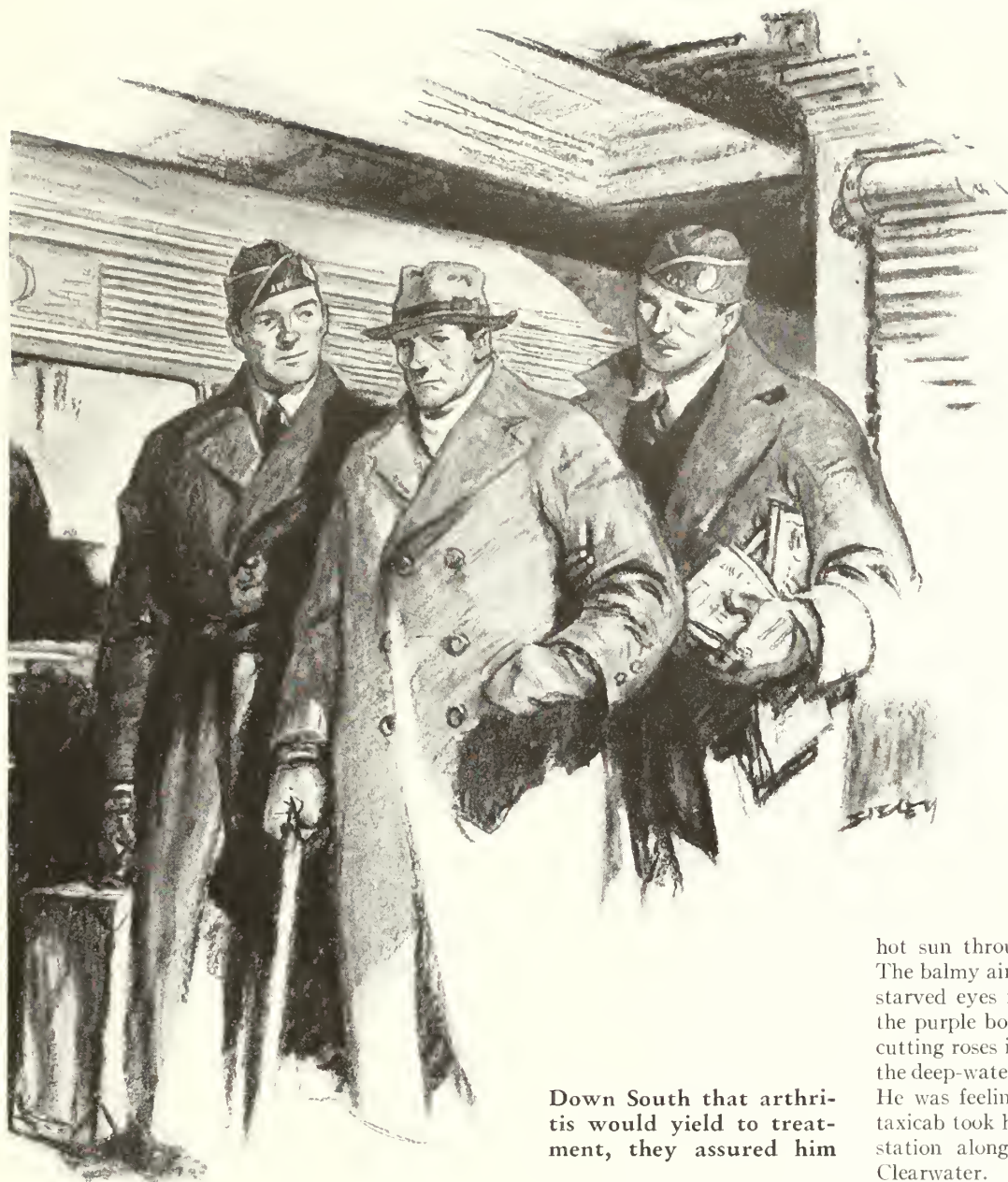
"The poor fellow's going to die," she said. "I should think you men could do something."

"All depends," said the Service Officer. Late one afternoon he hopped into his flivver and drove over to see Jimmy. The case puzzled him. Jimmy Tooby had not contracted arthritis as a consequence of his war service. He had seen service at St. Mihiel and in the Argonne Forest, but liked it.

"When I was discharged I never felt better in my life," he declared.

The Service Officer went home and did plenty of thinking over a half pack of butts. He knew, of course, that Jimmy could be sent to any government hospital without regard to service connection. There would be proper food, skilled attention, but Jimmy wouldn't get any better; he would just die a little more comfortably.

"Even if the disease halts," the Legion Service Officer told his wife, "the guy can't do another lick of work as long as he lives. What he should have is sunshine, peace and quiet, a sort of home." He blinked and heaved the butt into the fireplace. "By golly, that's it! A home! A soldiers' home!"



Down South that arthritis would yield to treatment, they assured him

The Service Officer didn't know much about Soldiers' Homes. If you had a sick veteran you sent him to a Veterans Administration hospital, tried to service-connect his case. If you did, the man was taken care of for good; if you didn't, at least they cured him so that he probably could go back to work. The Service Officer didn't know what the eligibility rules for entering a soldiers' home were. As a kid he remembered the state-owned home where the old Civil War vets in their blue uniforms walked over the country-side or came to town to swap stories. But this was different—or was it?

He discovered, in the next few days, that Soldiers' Homes had been in existence more or less since the American Revolution, and that particularly since the Civil War domiciliary care had been an increasing government responsibility. To his amazement he learned that there were twelve national Soldiers' Homes, now incorporated with the Veterans

Administration, and twenty-eight State homes, already caring for more than 20,000 World War veterans. The eligibility rules, generally, were as follows: Any honorably discharged veteran who is suffering from disability, disease or defect and who is in need of hospitalization or domiciliary care, and is unable to defray the necessary expenses attendant on all this (including transportation to and from the Veterans Administration Facility) shall be furnished the necessary hospitalization or domiciliary care (including transportation) in any Veterans Administration Facility, within the limitations of that Facility, irrespective of whether the disability, disease, or defect was due to service.

"That fits Jimmy Tooby," declared the Service Officer.

He found out that the Veterans Administration had completed in 1933 a domiciliary facility at Bay Pines, Florida, and he wrote to this institution. It was

very simple after that. The Government paid Jimmy's transportation because he was broke.

One February morning under a sky dark and brooding with un-fallen snow, Jimmy hobbled with clenched teeth between two Legionnaires, one a doctor, to a Pullman car bound south.

"It takes courage and tranquillity to lick arthritis, Jimmy," said the medico. "Fight, don't get despondent, stay cheerful and you'll live a long time."

Cheerful? How could you be cheerful when you were about to be an inmate of an institution? A serial number! Jimmy had seen a soldiers' home, too, as a kid—old men hanging around waiting to die. Not individuals any longer, but sort of back in the Army—you can't go there, soldier. He took up the journey with foreboding.

Some hours later he rode under a brilliant hot sun through flat, pleasant country. The balmy air smelled good; his sickness-starved eyes feasted on the green grass, the purple bougainvillea; he saw women cutting roses in back gardens. Ahead was the deep-water blue of the Gulf of Mexico. He was feeling better already when the taxicab took him from the St. Petersburg station along Don Ciego Bay toward Clearwater.

What would this place be like, this thing they called the Veterans Administration Facility? The cab crossed Long Bayou and turned in through white-pillared gates—and there it was. Four large buildings set well apart, surrounded by acres of smoothly clipped green lawn and flower landscaping. A few men were in sight, but Jimmy put them down for visitors; they didn't wear uniforms.

"UNIFORMS?" the driver repeated his question. "Those guys don't wear uniforms. Look at 'em, blue serge suits just like mine. You're going to like this place, fella. Want to go to the hospital, I reckon."

The five-story building on the right, surrounded by shrubbery and royal palms, was the hospital. Of renaissance style, done in cream-colored stucco, with roofs of mission tile and ornamented by polychrome terra cotta, it looked like one of the swanky hotels in St. Petersburg. Jimmy grinned. "That's swell," he said.

For four days he slept and rested, not even getting up (Continued on page 37)

TAKE INCREASED DEVOTION

By
Elizabeth La Fines



Mrs. William H. Corwith of Rockville Centre, New York, National President of The American Legion Auxiliary

YOU have to know something about Hillsdale, New York, to get an accurate picture of the woman who at Chicago in September was unanimously elected to the highest office in The American Legion Auxiliary. You have to know Hillsdale's people, too. Hillsdale's rigors as well as its bucolic charm, to appreciate this woman's character foundations.

Sheltered in the valley between the Catskill Mountains and the lovely Berkshire Hills, Hillsdale, since the days when the stagecoach traveling the Columbia Turnpike between Hudson, New York, and Hartford, Connecticut, made Hillsdale House a stop for change of post, has been satisfied to be a way-station to points in the more or less troubled world outside. It has been content to be industrially dormant in the lee of its mountains, yet its church spires proclaim a lively interest in the things of the spirit.

In the Hillsdale House, the inn built in 1813 upon completion of the Turnpike, Doris Sweet Corwith was born in 1898. Her parents, Harvey P. and Charlotte Sweet, were the proprietors, the second generation of the family to dispense its

hospitality, their table "with simple plenty crowned."

The Sweet name had been brought to America from Wales in the seventeenth century by James Sweet, who settled in Rhode Island, where he married an English girl, Mary Greene, in 1654, prospered, raised a family, and passed on to his reward in 1695. For several generations family history is obscure. Then the scene becomes clear again in 1823 at Farmington, Connecticut, the home of Benjamin Sweet,

later became President of Yale University.

A son, Gay Philip, was born of this marriage in 1827, and while he was still a small boy the family moved to Hillsdale. There he grew up, married Emily Palmatier, of a Holland Dutch family, and became the father of Harvey Sweet.

During this time, Martin Dexheimer, of a German family of inn-keepers, settled in Hillsdale, acquired the Hillsdale House and married a girl from his homeland. A daughter, Charlotte, grew to womanhood and became the wife of Harvey Sweet, who purchased the inn from his father-in-law.

In the year 1898, Hillsdale House stood much as it did when built, except for a wing which struggled valiantly to meet the standard of beauty set in the original plan. The recessed doors with their fan lights and hand-forged hinges of mammoth size still adorned the face of the structure and gave it an atmosphere redolent of by-gone days. In the sturdy simplicity of the inn and its people, Doris and her brother Raymond were reared.

With the Sweet family lived the paternal grandmother, the Dutch girl who had married Gay Sweet, and she had a deep influence on the early life of Doris. It was from her that the girl learned how home-making can be not only a science but an art. Her skilled fingers were never idle. Someone has suggested that she was responsible for the cleverness in dress-making which used to astonish Mrs. Corwith's associates in the days when more momentous duties did not fill her time.

Doris was always a serious minded youngster, say Hillsdale residents, interested in dolls and books and people. No one can recall a trace of self-consciousness in the girl. She was always ready to "talk on her feet." a

gift which developed with the years.

Throughout elementary and high school, books and the richness they im-



Doris at three, her brother Raymond, two years older. He served in the A. E. F. and is a Legionnaire of Syracuse, New York

whose son Milo is being married to Eliza Moody. The minister performing the ceremony is the Rev. Noah Porter, who

part to "the kingdom of the mind" had no competition from distractions like athletics and dramatics. It was a union school with all twelve grades housed in one building and it emphasized the fundamentals of education.

During those school days she often sat on the base of a monument in memory of the Civil War dead, erected in the village square facing her home. There, looking up at the heroic figures of a sol-

In the fall of 1914 she matriculated at New York State College for Teachers at Albany and was initiated in her freshman year into a local sorority. No stimulating phase of college life passed her by. She won recognition in dramatics, held membership in the Press Club and served on committees for various college functions.

During her junior year, the college campus, like the rest of America, was

street from her home, remembering the lessons of patriotic service and sacrifice.

When she returned to Hillsdale for the summer vacation of 1917, she found her brother, Raymond, two years her senior, preparing to enter the service. The summer was overshadowed by war. They left about the same time, he to camp and she to school.

Knitting needles clicked in college halls that winter—socks, sweaters and



A Hillsdale high school group photographed in 1912, when Doris Sweet was a junior. The future National President is the farthest left of the three girls seated in front

dier and a sailor, ideals of patriotism, ideals of service and sacrifice for country, began to take concrete form. Every morning when she started for school, every evening when she returned, she learned the lesson of this monument. And as she read Lincoln's immortal Gettysburg Address the monument and its lesson were brought home to her in the words, "from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion."

Doris was fourteen when she took her first job in an economically untroubled world. She was engaged as accompanist for the silent motion picture shows which were given weekly in the Masonic Temple. Here on the piano she had to convey the varying moods of the picture to the audience, requiring a keen sense of the fitness of things. No one can recall her playing "The Stars and Stripes Forever" for a love scene or offering "Hearts and Flowers" for soldiers on the march.

When Doris graduated from high school at the age of fifteen, she was offered a scholarship at Vassar College, but was considered too young to leave home. A post-graduate course was decided upon in which she studied Virgil, advanced algebra and German.

gripped and shaken by the events of 1917. The United States was at war! Boys left college classes to enlist. Doris Sweet thought of the monument across the



Former Sergeant Bill Corwith of the Quartermaster Corps—lawyer, realtor and active Legionnaire. Cheer up, Bill; less than a year to go

helmets for the soldiers. It was a cold winter and they needed them. Doris kept her needles busy when the pressure of her senior studies permitted. Out of her slender student's allowance she subscribed for a Liberty Bond. She was a leader of patriotic activities on the campus, and to her came the highest honor possible for a girl, election as vice-president of the senior class.

The spring of 1918 brought the news that her brother, now a sergeant in Company K, 303d Infantry, 76th Division, had gone overseas. Doris wanted to go, too. Her ambition was to get into an ambulance unit as a clerk, but they weren't taking eighteen-year-old girls just out of school. She came home from college with her degree, a promise of a teaching job in the fall, and her knitting needles.

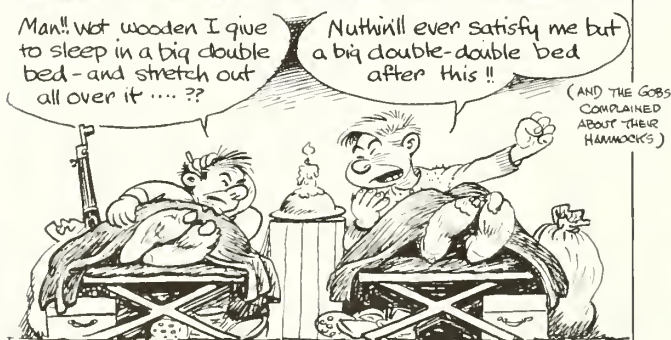
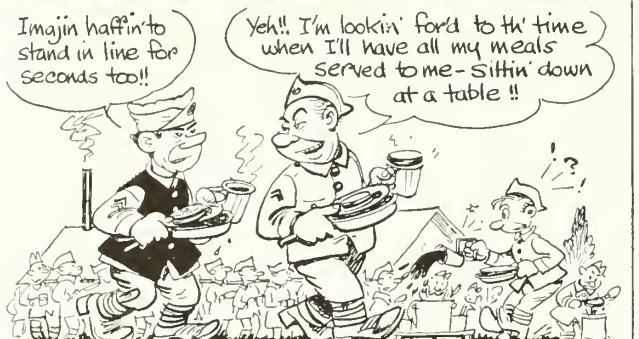
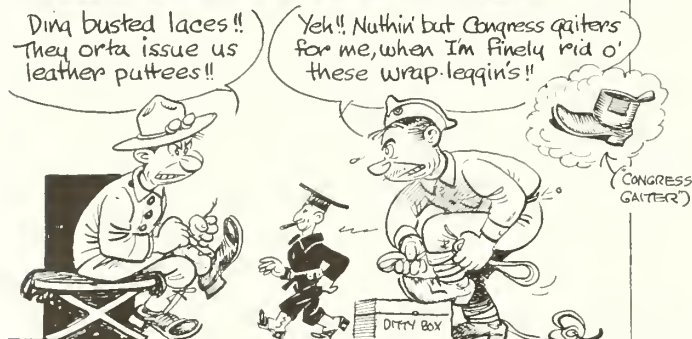
Concern about her brother in France shared her mind with anxiety over her first classes when she went to Fayetteville, New York, that fall to teach English, American history and ancient history. His long-delayed letters told nothing of his whereabouts and American casualty lists were mounting.

Then came Armistice Day. Doris spent that unforgettable day in Syracuse, where the wild happiness (Continued on page 38)

EVEN AS YOU AND I

The More a Buddy Changes the More He's the Same

By Wallgren



LET'S LOOK AT THE RECORD

WASHINGTON. On next Armistice Day, American veterans of the World War will not be so strong numerically as were the veterans of the Civil War in 1906, forty-one years after Appomattox. World War veterans are dying twelve percent faster than other citizens of the same age. More than 500,000 veterans died from the close of the war to last Armistice Day, and another 33,000 will have died by November eleventh next. Membership in The American Legion has fallen to 974,637, from its peak of 1,053,909 in 1931. There were 4,088,784 living ex-service men of 1917-18 on last November eleventh.—*Saturday Evening Post*, September 30, 1939 (editorial page.)

LET us accept as correct the 4,088,784 given above by the *Saturday Evening Post* as the total of World War veterans alive on November 11, 1938. It is pretty close to the figure of the Veterans Administration for the number living on January 1, 1939—4,073,176.

The Veterans Bureau calculations are that 32,120 of that 4,073,176 will have died by January 1, 1940, so that the number alive on that date will be 4,041,056.

The Union forces in the Civil War were: Army, 2,128,948; Navy, 57,841; Marine Corps, 3,860, the total therefore being 2,190,649. Exact figures on those in uniform on the Confederate side are not available, but Woodrow Wilson in his "History of the American People" estimated the Confederate host at 900,000. Other historians have placed it between 700,000 and 800,000. Hence the total number of men in uniform on both sides in that war was about three million. Records in the Adjutant General's Office in Washington show war deaths on the Union side to have been 359,528 and on the Confederate, 133,821. Subtracting these from the three million gives a total of 2,507,000 veterans, North and South, in the summer of 1865.

It is obvious that if there are today some four million living American veterans of the World War and that in 1865 there were only two and a half million veterans of the Civil War, somebody has put over a great "1906" hoax on the *Saturday Evening Post*.

Furthermore, according to testimony offered by Brigadier General Frank T. Hines, Veterans Administrator, before a Congressional Committee in 1937, there will be at least 2,564,295 of us American World War veterans alive in 1961.

SO THAT twenty-one years from now we shall actually be more numerous, by some 57,000, than the combined Blue and Gray veterans were at the time of Appomattox, let alone their 41-year-later total.

As for The American Legion, the *Saturday Evening Post* statement that membership in the Legion "has fallen" gives the impression, entirely erroneous, that our organization has been steadily slipping since 1931, and that World War veterans as a whole had better just cash in their checks.

What are the facts?

Here are membership records of The American Legion for the years 1930-1939:

1930: 887,754	1935: 842,855
1931: 1,053,909	1936: 956,273
1932: 931,373	1937: 973,841
1933: 769,551	1938: 974,637
1934: 831,681	1939: 1,029,405*

Remember, a good many of those years were years of

business depression in the United States. Now any advertising man will tell you that the *Saturday Evening Post* is as much a barometer of business conditions as unfilled orders of United States Steel, or carloadings. When business is booming in this country issues of the *Post* are fat, and its advertising revenue is high. When we Americans go into an economic tailspin the *Post* is lean, and its advertising revenue drops. But year after year the *Post* does all right. A full-page advertisement appearing in newspapers throughout the United States in late November made the statement that in every year since 1920 the *Post* had led every other weekly magazine in the United States in volume of advertising. That's a great, worthwhile achievement. But since 1931 the Legion has done so much better in the "has fallen" membership field than has the *Post* in its fields of advertising lineage and advertising revenue that from the *Post's* standpoint the comparison would be painful. After all, what corporation wouldn't consider itself the possessor of a charmed life if it could show an increase in business every year since 1933? Legion membership can do just that.

As for the death rate among veterans being higher than that of "citizens of the same age," there's a reason, as the service officer of any Legion Post in the United States can testify. To see that those of our comrades who were physically and mentally handicapped by their service in uniform receive all the aid that a grateful Government provides for them and their dependents was and is The American Legion's chief reason for being.

When the statement reproduced at the top of this page became public property The American Legion's membership was 1,026,270†—not 974,637. It is true that Legion membership has never embraced more than twenty-five percent of those eligible to join. But we know we speak by the book when we say that in every county in the United States the citizens look to Legionnaires as spokesmen for World War veterans, realizing that in addition to being active in service for the community we are also prepared to preserve, protect and defend the characteristic institutions under which America has grown to greatness. It is still true, as the then National Commander Franklin D'Olier told a Cleveland *Plain Dealer* reporter in 1920, that the Legion is "the best insurance policy a country ever had."

Here's a straight tip: There are plenty of fellows all over this country who would be willing to bet the editors of the *Saturday Evening Post* that the sacred peak of membership—1,053,909 in 1931—ain't gonna be no peak no mo' when the Twenty-Second Annual National Convention begins its deliberations in Boston on September 23, 1940.

* As of Nov. 17, 1939

† As of Sept. 25, 1939

We're Not Afraid to TEACH



NEW YORK CITY BOARD OF EDUCATION

"I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America, and to the Republic
for which it stands: One Nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

The AMERICAN LEGION Magazine

PATRIOTISM

RECENT world events have brought home the need for teaching and reteaching patriotism in our schools. An intensive program of Americanism has been added to this year's objectives in order that the half-million school children of Chicago may become enlightened citizens in these troubled times. A committee has been appointed to scrutinize the present curriculum to determine at what points it may be revised to include intensive study of those aspects of American culture which have enabled this country to stand out, above all others, as the exponent of the democratic way of life.

The patriotic teaching which takes place in our schools must manifest itself in improved conditions in the community, in civic action, and in coöperation and service. The schools must set up a wide variety of activities which stimulate and challenge participation of youth in the actual solving of problems of their environment. Youth must be equipped with practical habits of good citizenship in a democratic world of its own.

The type of patriotism which the new Americanism program stresses in the Chicago schools is many-angled. It teaches a sense of loyalty to American ideals and traditions. It is the logical outgrowth of good citizenship. It is a habit of mind and action—not a parade ground for hysteria. It implies alike a belief in individual rights, and a negation of individual interests for the common good. It recognizes both the obligations and privileges of citizenship, and finds its highest moral implications in the policy of the good neighbor.

Patriotism may be best taught when it is derived from activity which is vital and meaningful to youth. To be effective, it must be functional. Its highest values are personal and real. Youth best learns the democratic way of life by living that life at school, at home, and in the community. There is abundant occasion for patriotic service and expression in the many activities of daily class work. Young people learn to work together in committees and groups of various kinds. There is a steady give and take of ideas which leads to consideration for the viewpoint of the other fellow.

The Chicago schools offer a laboratory of experience for all pupils in the art of living in a democracy, and prove an effective training ground for the development of leadership. Pupils coöperate freely with such service organizations as The American Legion, the Chamber

By
**WILLIAM
H. JOHNSON**

*Superintendent of the
Chicago Public Schools*

of Commerce, the Rotary and Kiwanis and many others. By doing so, they learn the first attribute of sincere patriotism—the willingness to coöperate with others toward a common end. Habitual respect for majority rule, fair play, respect for the noble elements in our history, and the ability to carry on independent thinking are only a few of the ideals that the schools of our city are developing.

In preparing the new Americanism program, The American Legion and the office of the Superintendent worked hand in hand. Discussions centered around what the schools could do to further the plans of the Legion with which Chicago educators were heartily in accord. All agreed that a great deal had already been done, and that no opportunity for teaching patriotism is ever consciously overlooked in the Chicago schools. Each new day is opened with patriotic services including the salute to the flag, the pledge of allegiance, and the singing of our national anthem. A sincere attempt is being made to supplement this daily program with the type of activities which will lead each student to accept the kind of patriotism which comes from the heart. If the schools are successful, "lip loyalty" will be absorbed in a deeper appreciation of American life.

THE R.O.T.C. has proved a most effective agent in our schools to teach, by example, what real Americanism means. Twenty-seven of the thirty-seven Chicago high schools have R.O.T.C. units. The total enrolment has increased in the past three years and now includes 8,898 young men organized under the supervision of five officers and thirty-four non-commissioned officers, all of the Regular Army. The entire corps takes part in an annual review in which all of the schools are invited to participate. It is to the R.O.T.C. that our schools look for support in the Americanism program of the coming year.

National holidays are observed in all

our schools in order to stress the patriotic significance of the occasion. These assemblies are pupil-planned in coöperation with local civic and service groups and do much to emphasize the many traditions which have become associated with specific holidays. Likewise, participation in projects relative to Youth Week, Thrift Week, and Clean-Up Week leaves each student better prepared for the responsibilities to which he will fall heir in the years to come.

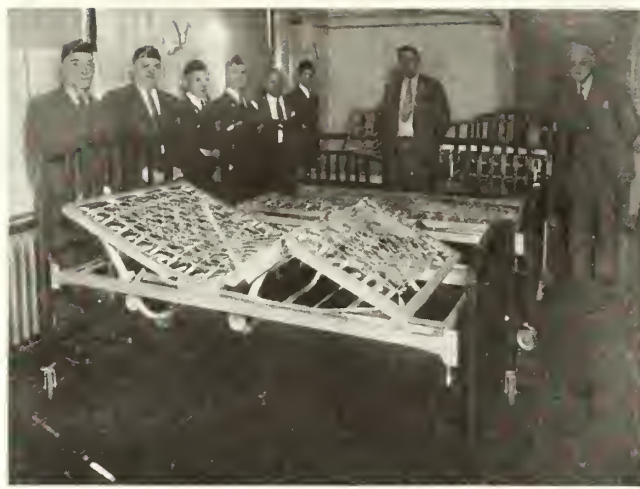
The program of social studies throughout our entire school system is designed to make the student aware of his responsibilities as a citizen. Teachers help him to see how "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" are related to understanding and coöperation among men. Besides teaching facts, all social studies classes in Chicago aim to teach accepted values, together with the socially approved attitudes which parallel good citizenship. The development of qualities which are essential to the citizen of tomorrow is receiving a great deal of attention in our schools under the heading of Character Training.

Organizations within the school do much to promote pride in community citizenship. At Steinmetz High School, for example, during the past year the History Club has made a study of pioneer activities in the neighborhood of the school. Members of this club, numbering eighty-five students, have been organized for three semesters for the purpose of discovering and tabulating the original historical material of the community. Members visited the library of the Chicago Historical Society and consulted all available sources of information in an attempt to get accurate historical data. Some even spent holidays photographing landmarks and interviewing old residents of the district. Students belonging to the club became more and more interested in their neighborhood as each new bit of past history turned up. Similar organizations exist in all high schools, and serve to build a new loyalty.

The various campaigns sponsored in the Chicago schools do much to bring the need for civic service home to the student. Principals of all schools enlisted the assistance of all students in a "Respect for Public Property Campaign." Part of the drive was to reduce glass breakage in the public schools. Another school problem is pupil safety, which also presents an opportunity for practical training in patriotism and service. Each elementary school has as (Continued on page 56)



The six Posts of Franklin County Council, Department of Maine, provided a resuscitator-inhalator for use where needed within the county



Four special type hospital beds and two oxygen inhalation masks comprise the latest gift of Adams (Massachusetts) Post to Plunkett Hospital



Continuing the long time ambulance project, Lloyd-William Post, fifty-nine members, filled the need in its home town, Halifax, Pennsylvania

LIFE

found other needs just as urgent—iron lungs, resuscitators, oxygen tents, therapeutic pools, hospital bed and room equipment, and a hundred and one other things, even to the construction and operation of complete hospitals. In the way of personal service, groups of Legionnaires were banded together in blood donor organizations—the hundreds of squadrons of blood brothers who stand ready at all times to give of their own blood to the needy and in emergency cases.

One of the very latest of these groups is that organized to serve the city of Toledo, Ohio, under the sponsorship of the Lucas County Council of The American Legion. The members of the transfusion group come from the several Posts in the city and have volunteered to furnish transfusions, upon call, to indigent comrades and their families. But an interesting suggestion comes from the Spokane County, Washington, Medical Society in its formal acceptance of the services of a group of blood brothers organized by Spokane (Washington) Post which seems to open another

KEEPING abreast of the progressive development of medical science, Legion Posts throughout the country have maintained a flexible hospital-assistance program as a major contribution in community service work. This program, which is really not a program within itself but spontaneous offerings suggested by some very definite community need, has broadened with the years until now there is scarcely a community served by a Post that has not been benefited in some way. These are the Legion life savers. There are literally thousands alive today who owe their continued existence to the prompt and effective operation of some piece of equipment or appliance placed at the disposal of the community by these Posts.

There is really no way to determine to an exact certainty the extent of the contributions that have been made to the health and well being of the several communities. There's the ambulance service, for instance. No record has been kept as to the exact number, but there were hundreds of them placed in service,

and hundreds are still operating through the third and fourth replacement. In late September Lloyd-William Post, of Halifax, Pennsylvania, put a brand new ambulance in community service at a cost of \$3,150. Back in the early days of the organization this project had its origin in Smyrna (Delaware) Post; the idea was adopted immediately and other Posts took up the task of providing ambulances to communities that were without such facilities. The program soon reached out into some of the most isolated sections.

The ambulance service is by no means obsolete—many of them are equipped each year and started on their errands of mercy—but with the development of the system of good roads more and more ambulances were put into operation by hospitals, county and city governments, and by individuals. The ambulance-minded Posts





Upper Darby (Pennsylvania) Post rates a star for its presentation of an iron lung and equipment to the Delaware County Hospital



Thanks to Pittsfield (Massachusetts) Post, its home city is well equipped with resuscitator-inhalators. Three were given to hospitals at one time

SAVERS

avenue of Legion service to the afflicted. It is that of providing hospitals with blood banks, and it is an idea that is worthy of most serious consideration.

"We of the medical profession of the Inland Empire," says the official publication of the Spokane Medical Society, "and especially the citizens, owe a debt of gratitude to Spokane Post and Commander Allan Johnson for the organization of a donor squad to furnish blood where needed. Already a veteran of the Post has given blood to a deserving patient . . . Spokane and the Inland Empire needs a Blood Bank. It is our hope that Spokane Post, or some other philanthropic organization, will make it possible for us to enjoy this modern service. The outlay in refrigeration equipment does not exceed \$500. A Blood Bank should be established in one Spokane hospital, or preferably, all. We of our profession know of its utility, making for speed, accuracy and safety. Blood by this method can be stored for a period of three weeks until any semblance of a reaction begins to occur. Speed in obtaining blood from a donor is all too often a criterion of recovery . . . Why not continue your philanthropy? Furnish a Bank and stock it with the blood of your good American veterans and the deposits will continue, not only through your volunteers but from many citizens in the Inland Empire. Blood can be transported in this form and is immediately available in an emergency."

That is a clear call which, if we know the spirit of the Legion in the great North-

west, will not go unheeded. And in hundreds of other cities the need is just as great—and there are lives to be saved. The Blood Bank is a comparatively new thing—so were the iron lungs just a few years ago when Legion Posts began to buy them for their local hospitals—and it is subject, perhaps yet, to great improvement. It is suggested that any Post, moved by the great humanitarian values of the system, inclined to contribute a Blood Bank take counsel with the best available authority as to type and character of the apparatus that will best serve the local need.

No promotional campaign was ever necessary to popularize the iron lung benefactions, or indeed other types of respiratory appliance. And hundreds of Posts have responded to the need and supplied their communities with the means of preserving lives, always with the provision of free and unrestricted use to those in need of the character of treatment for which the respirator was designed. Reports of presentations continue to come to the desk of the Step Keeper, and will continue until each community is provided with an adequate number of respirators.

Chaplain Clinton W. Greenwood, of Thaddeus Roderick Post, Farmington, Maine, writes: "Just

Happy New Year—
Every-buddy!!



to prove that the Posts of Franklin County in the Department of Maine are doing their full share for the health and safety of their communities, I send a picture of the presentation of a resuscitator-inhalator to our County. This presentation

was made through the cooperation of the six Posts comprising Franklin County Council: Thaddeus Roderick Post, Donald W. Norton Post, Phillips Post, Fred L. Johnson Post, Ralph S. Hosmer Post, and Rangeley Lakes Post. Two of the Posts have organized blood donor clubs; that of Thaddeus Roderick Post was the first such club in the Department."

Pittsfield (Massachusetts) Post just recently presented resuscitator-inhalators to each of the three hospitals in its home city, and Upper Darby (Pennsylvania) Post continued its fine record of community service by giving an iron lung to the Delaware County Hospital.

Adams (Massachusetts) Post found that another type of equipment was needed and, late in October, installed two oxygen inhalation masks and four special type hospital beds in Plunkett Memorial Hospital in its city.

These are but a few of the reports of a great program carried on by individual Posts under the name of community service. It is community service at its best.

Miami Fisherman

DOWN Miami way, where they have sunshine, white sand beaches, salty salt water and deep-sea fishing, they have a bunch of thoroughgoing Legionnaires who are alert to all the advantages showered by a beneficent providence upon their favored sector. And none are more alert than the group banded to-





Deep-sea fishing is a real sport, so says Harvey W. Seeds Post, Miami, Florida. It takes the youngsters out to the fishing grounds and gives big prizes for the biggest catch

gether in Harvey W. Seeds Post, Miami-ans who have won stars in Legion service, both in and out of the organization, over a long period of years. So, last winter, when a metropolitan fishing tourney in its area was such a markedly successful event these Harvey Seeders got to thinking. Why not organize a junior fishing tournament, Post-sponsored and Post-controlled?

Now we have a report of the contest from Lynn M. Shaw, Post Publicity Chairman: "Seventeen boys and girls, sixteen years old or less, were awarded prizes in the Junior Fishing Tournament conducted by Harvey Seeds Post at Miami from August 20th to October 1st. Five deep-sea-fishing expeditions were organized between those dates and the contest was participated in by 300 youngsters, their expenses being paid by individual sponsors. The top prize went to Miss Ann Glover, of Birmingham, Alabama, who landed a sixty-five-pound sailfish after a thrilling battle. Second prize went to Darwin Woodworth, of Topeka, Kansas, whose forty-two-pound sailfish was next largest. Other prizes were distributed at the conclusion of the tourney to winners in other classifications. American Legion Posts in Birmingham and Topeka were asked to make the presentation to the two mentioned.

"Local interest was aroused by newspaper publicity and radio broadcasts. On every Monday afternoon during the tournament radio station WQAM put on a fifteen-minute sketch telling of events and happenings in the course of the tournament, and at the conclusion had a thirty-minute show in honor of the winners. H. H. Hyman, who was chairman of the metropolitan adult tournament

last winter, was chairman of the award committee for the juniors and master of ceremonies in the prize distribution show."

Mortgage Burners

HAPPY days are here again, at least for John Donald Garbutt Post, of Sheridan, Wyoming. For the Post members recently took an evening off to celebrate their freedom from debt and, during the course of the evening, paused long enough to cheer a couple of incendiaries who built a fire on an improvised altar which soon reduced to ashes the mortgage which has been held against the Post home since its construction in 1923. The man who actually touched the

match to the document, supported and encouraged by Commander Paul F. Anderson and Dr. E. G. Denison, the first Commander, was Philip S. Garbutt, a brother of the man whose name is borne by the Post. The Auxiliary Unit, which put in many good licks to achieve a debt-free home, was represented on the fire-bug committee by Miss Mabel Johnson, President, and Mrs. Harold C. Fleisher. The pyro-maniacs are shown in the order named, Legionnaire Garbutt in center, in the picture which appears on this page. It was a good blaze and everybody felt better after the purge by fire.

At the business meeting preceding the ceremony a Past Commander's badge was presented to Howard B. Sharp, who commanded the Post last year, and



John Donald Garbutt Post, Sheridan, Wyoming, had a fire that was not reported to the police department—it was the old mortgage

special honors were paid to Miss Lena A. Stover, long-time Post Historian and Past Post Adjutant. It is the proud boast of John Donald Garbutt Post that, thanks to Legionnaire Stover, their Post records and history, now comprising several volumes, are most complete in every detail from the date of organization. In fact Commander Anderson challenged the Posts in his area to show a better set.

Flatlands Memorial

SOON after demobilization of the combat forces at the close of the first World War a group of service men who lived at Flatlands, New York—an outlying part of the city of Brooklyn—met in the basement of the historic old Flatlands Dutch Reformed Church, built in 1654, and organized a Post of The Ameri-



Flatlands (New York) Post is justly proud of its fine home and community program. Below, members of Glen Burnie (Maryland) Post got together and built their own home



can Legion. Flatlands Post was organized for community service and has continued in the same policy through twenty full years until now, snugly housed in its handsome and comfortable club home, it ranks among the first of the social and service organizations in its area.

Back in 1925 the Post set about to erect a Flatlands Memorial Building dedicated to the service men of the city who died during and since the World War, and was successful in its campaign to raise \$50,000 for that purpose. The building was erected and served well during the years, but as the Post broadened its activities and the building came to be used more and more as a community center and meeting place for civic and church organizations, Flatlands Legion-



naires began to feel cramped for space. There was but one thing to do—enlarge the building. So it was decided to add a second story.

Then, according to Chester Harris, editor of *La Liaison*, the Post's own monthly publication, things began to hum. A building drive committee, headed by Legionnaire Pasqual A. DeVito, was organized and within a short time reported that the necessary \$25,000 was in the bag and that the addition to the building could go forward with assurance that the bills would be promptly met.

Flatlands Memorial Building is now a two-story and mezzanine structure, with a frontage of sixty feet and a depth of one hundred feet, constructed of red Virginia brick faced with limestone and, for the first time in years, Flatlands Post has room and facilities within its own building to carry on its varied activities and the activities of its Auxiliary and junior organizations. The spacious ballroom on the first floor, the grille in the basement, and the large, beautifully appointed lounging room on the second floor are features which the members look upon with pride.

Another Homebuilder

ANOTHER proof that most any Legion Post can provide itself with a home of its own through a united effort of all members is had in the case of Glen Burnie (Maryland) Post. That Post has just completed a permanent home—not a make-shift, but a real club house—for very little outlay of hard cash money. How? All the members turned to and each one lent a hand in performing the numerous tasks incidental to building construction. Members who were not qualified to work as carpenters, bricklayers, plumbers, or roofers because of lack of training, were set to work as common laborers.

The Glen Burnie Legion home is a forty by ninety foot structure, with a basement to provide space for a steam heating plant, locker rooms and store rooms. The first floor will comprise a kitchen and a main hall forty by seventy feet, with a ceiling (Continued on page 56)

GENTLEMEN *of the* PRESS

AFTER a lapse of twenty years with the advancing age of veterans of the World War, many arts and practices and unusual occupations that were learned and performed by men in service no doubt have long since been unlearned and, perhaps, even denied. There were strange, seemingly unmanly jobs that men of the land and sea forces had to fill. Room orderly, for instance—nothing but a low form of inglorious chambermaid or upstairs girl; kitchen police—another name for pot-slingers and bottle-washers; outfit cooks—well, more in a man's line, as there were and are still many chefs.

Then there was that little item, a regulation part of Equipment C as issued to each soldier—the “house-wife.” Remember it? A little khaki-cloth roll that contained thread and needles—and, we believe, buttons. Not that warriors indulged in embroidery or tatting, but many of 'em became adept at replacing buttons—particularly before inspections—and many a finger and thumb were punctured while newly-appointed corporals or sergeants promptly, though laboriously, sewed on the chevrons that indicated their new authority.

Perhaps the title given this department is a misnomer, because the A. E. F. and home camps did boast of many writers of news items, poetry and other contributions to the overseas *Stars and Stripes* and innumerable outfit publications. But you'll pardon our pun? The gentlemen of the press to whom we refer were of a different stripe. Many of us, across the pond,



Keeping the nurses' uniforms in trim was the strange wartime work of these soldiers of U. S. Army General Hospital No. 1

got experience in a crude form of laundering socks and shirts and drawers in a neighboring French creek or village laundry house, when we didn't have the extra couple of francs to pay a local blanchisseuse to do the job for us. Now, however, Charles G. Sarfaty, member of Alfred E. Wilson Post of the Legion, who lives at 815 East 14th Street, Brooklyn, New York, introduces to all of us a group of specialists in this particular line. What you may fail to comprehend from the accompanying illustration is explained in this letter with which Comrade Sarfaty sent the picture:

“Stop me if you've heard this one!

“I know for a fact that lots of our soldiers were assigned and detailed to

strange and unique jobs to help win the War, but did you ever hear of soldiers helping to win that War by pushing electric hand irons over ladies' garments?

“Enclosed is a picture (including myself in white pants, with hands behind back) of some of the members of our outfit of the Medical Department of the Army stationed at U. S. Army General Hospital No. 1, Williamsbridge, New York, whom I trained as hand ironers. I enlisted during June, 1918, in the above hospital which was then known as Columbia War Hospital, and being, strange to relate, a laundry manager by profession, I was assigned to duty in the large laundry department attached to the hospital.

“It was my job to see to it that the nurses were kept supplied with clean uniforms, and as the only equipment we had on hand to finish their garments was electric hand irons, I was given about twenty enlisted men of the staff to break in on this work—for day and night shifts. Among those assigned to my detail were chemists, truck-drivers, carpenters, farmers, and some pottery workers from Ohio—but they all soon adapted themselves to this class of work and became proficient ironers.

“I've conveniently forgotten the names of the soldiers shown in the picture for fear that their wives, if any, might take advantage of their past knowledge and return them to this work at home—but I would be pleased to hear from any of the old outfit.

“It might be interesting to add that for sixteen years, prior to April last, when I returned to reside in the States, I was stationed in Kingston, Jamaica, British West Indies, and employed by the United Fruit Company as Manager of its hotel and steamship laundry. The British Regiment stationed in Kingston, together with British veterans of the World War, held annual Armistice Day services which concluded with a dinner and dance at the Manor House Hotel at Constant Springs, owned by a Captain Rutty who had served under General Allenby in

Palestine. During my sixteen years there, I was the only American veteran and member of the Legion to attend those functions. Naturally I rooted for my outfit, Alfred E. Wilson Post, when the reporters came around, and they, of course, gave my Post lots of publicity."

THE broad Atlantic, particularly when ships enter the eastern half of it, is anything but a safe place to be in these days of renewed strife. Since the declaration of war by two of our former Allies on the nation which was our major enemy during the World War, the newspapers are full of reports of the destruction of ships, including those of neutral countries, by submarines and by contact with mines, and of the search and detention of neutral ships suspected of carrying contraband of war. And, as we remember was true during the war in which we participated, occasionally mistakes are made and friend attacks friend.

The result of one such mistake during the World War is shown in the illustration we use, and the story of it is told by the man who sent us the picture—Past Commander Paul A. Noe of Katonah (New York) Post, ex-chief electrician, U. S. Navy. You have the floor, Commander:

"The photograph I am enclosing is of U. S. S. *N-1* in the early morning of a day in May, 1918. When about four hundred miles out of New York, this submarine of ours was mistaken for an enemy sub by a British vessel. Several shots were fired, one of which made a direct hit in the forward torpedo compartment.

"Fortunately, the shell failed to ex-

plode. Several mattresses were stuffed into the hole and the vessel was able to proceed to the Sub Base at New London, Connecticut, under her own power. I was stationed at the Sub Base at the time and obtained the print from a buddy who was the official photographer. On that reservation the order against the use of private cameras was strictly enforced.

"I was an instructor at the submarine



school at that time, and also carried on considerable experimental work which necessitated occasional trips to the various boats. One of the major results of our experimentation was the elimination of hydrogen gas explosions on submarines which previously had taken quite a toll of lives.

"There were many interesting happenings at the Base, but one in particular I have not been able to figure out to this day. While submerged in approximately one hundred feet of water, the fire signal sounded and, afterward, the usual procedure—all power and light controls off, watertight doors closed, the crew gathering in the central operating compartment,

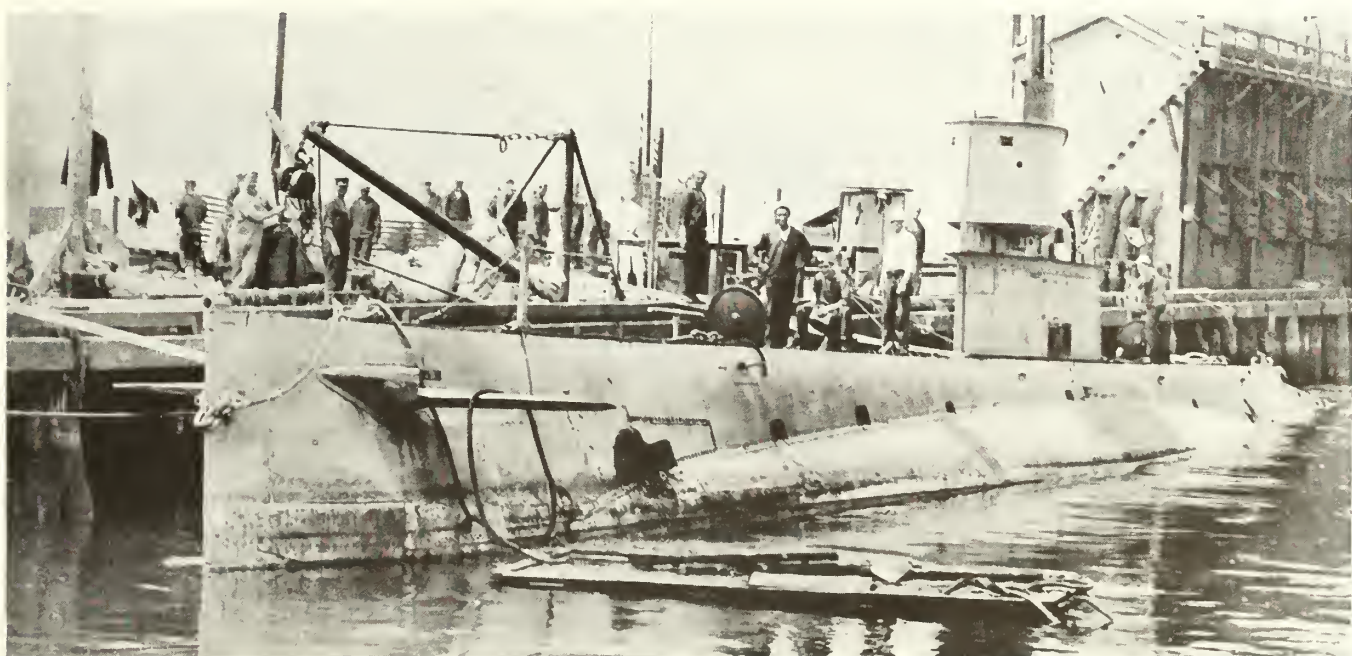
carrying flashlights. The order came from the skipper to abandon ship. This may be possible today but at that time it seemed rather ridiculous. As it proved to be a fire drill, the order to go back to respective stations was a relief.

"There were five of us brothers in service—all born in Holland, all charter members of Katonah Post. Four of us each served a term as Post Commander while the fifth held the office of Vice Commander one year."

WHILE on the subject of submarines, we want to share with you an extract from an interesting letter that came to us several months ago from Legionnaire J. McDowell Morgan of 723½ Porter Street, Glendale, California, whose contribution of a picture and story of the interned German raider, the *Kronprinz Wilhelm*, in the last February issue you may recall. Here it is:

"Before I close I thought you might be interested in another bit of information regarding my war service. As you know, the recent sinking of the submarine *Squalus* off Portsmouth, New Hampshire, was headlined through the country's press, also that the rescue and salvage ship *Falcon* saved the surviving members of the sub with her rescue chamber.

"It so happens that I placed the *Falcon* in commission during the World War, on November 9, 1918, at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. She was then a mine-sweeper and was converted after the war for submarine rescue and salvage work. One of the unusual things about her commissioning is that only about four or five of us were attached to the ship at the time. I was the quartermaster and hoisted her



It was only an error! Mistaken for an enemy submarine, U. S. S. *N-1* crawled back to the Sub Base at New London, Connecticut, after being fired upon by an English vessel in 1918



No—not holding logs from the woodpile, but twelve-pound loaves of bread. The men were with Bakery Company 327 at Dijon, France

colors for the first time. Since the war, the *Falcon* has become quite famous for her rescue and salvage work on the U. S. S. *S-51*, U. S. S. *S-4* and the *Squalus*.

"Strangely enough, about three years ago, I went aboard the *Ortolan*, the rescue and salvage ship in the Pacific, and met one of my old shipmates, a master diver, and he took me all over the vessel and explained the workings of the modern scientific equipment aboard. The *Ortolan* and the *Falcon* are identical, so you can appreciate my interest. The submarine rescue chamber, used during the *Squalus* disaster, was then a new development and had been tested only a few times at 100-foot depths. To make a long story brief, I wrote what is perhaps the first article ever printed on this modern rescue work on submarines and it was published a month or so after my visit to the *Ortolan*."

NOTWITHSTANDING oft-repeated invitations to those fellows whose unusual service outfits have not yet been introduced to the Then and Now Gang, it is only occasionally that one of them steps forward with a word regarding the specialized work his organization did.

Now, bread, as you'll all admit, was a most important item in a soldier's diet, but not until recently did we hear from one of the soldier-bakers who produced that item. The man to whom we're indebted for this contribution is Homer Daniel, Adjutant of Hebert Hillman Post of the Legion in Mart, Texas. With the picture we show, we received this report:

"So far in Then and Now, I have not noticed any of the former members of Bakery Companies sounding off.

"During our particular war, I served in Bakery Company 327. We left New York on October 31, 1917, as a bunch of casualties attached to Bakery Company 318 and landed in Brest on November 12th, a year less a day before the Armistice.

"We proceeded to Dijon via Nevers and were organized into Bakery Company 327 early in December, 1917. While there, we were located in an old French bakery at 36 Rue de Longvic where from January, 1918, to January, 1919, we baked 9,023,208 pounds of bread. Our greatest out-



put for any one month was in August, 1918, during which month we turned out 1,390,176 pounds of bread. Believe me, if the boys didn't get enough bread it wasn't our fault! Can any other Bakery Company, using regular hand equipment and composed of 101 men, equal or better this record?

"Our first company commander, Lieutenant Harold B. West, was transferred to Is-sur-Tille where the big machine-operated bakery was built, and George F. Somer followed him as commander. I was a corporal in the company and would like to boast of the fact that we left the U. S. without a single non-commissioned officer. All non-coms were men promoted from the ranks, except our chief baker, A. H. Hudon, who came on transfer to us.

"The enclosed snapshot, which I got from one of my old buddies, was taken in the spring of 1918 and shows some of our company. These boys in front of the wood-pile are not holding chunks of wood but 12-pound loaves of bread. The regulation loaf of field bread weighs four pounds and as only two of the four-pound loaves could be baked in a pan, the higher-ups were experimenting with the 12-pound loaf, which would occupy the same space in the ovens.

"The 12-pound loaves did not prove a success, as most of the soldiers who handled them can testify. They cracked and were in bad condition when delivered at the front. In defense of the boys who served in Bakery Companies let me say that our instructions were to bake the bread until it was hard and then let it dry out thoroughly before shipping.

"The only men in the group whom I can name are Peterson at the left and Harry Potts, second from right; in the front row, left to right, are Simkins, Stout, Mason and Weaver. I don't suppose this long afterward that the boys will get into trouble over the improper use of Government supplies, but the fact remains that the (Continued on page 58)



On enemy soil, men of the 354th Infantry celebrated Christmas of 1918. The town was Lünebach, Germany

A Place To Go

(Continued from page 23)

for his meals. It was the most modern hospital he had ever seen. The nurse was affable, the attending doctor cheerful. Then he was told he was an ambulatory case and would be transferred to the domiciliary.

"What you need is heliotherapy and hydrotherapy. We'll put you in the barracks."

Barracks! It had a tough sound. Then he met the domiciliary officer, Major Waltman. He was advised that he could be given necessary clothing by the Government in case his income from all sources was not in excess of ten dollars a month. In his application for admittance, he agreed that any personal effects of his, if he should die in the home, would go to the Government. That was all right, too. Jimmy owned what he stood in and nothing else. Of course, if he should come into any property he could dispose of it by will, or quite informally, through signing a paper, designate some person to take the property.

He liked Major Waltman; as the saying goes, they spoke the same language.

"My only job here," said the major, "is to see that you get the peace and quiet you need. This is a home and nothing less; and the only rules are those necessary to keep three hundred and ninety-odd men in order. First, you'll need clothes and toilet articles."

The supply officer issued a hat, two coats, two vests, two trousers, four shirts, one tie, one belt, one light overcoat, four undershirts, four pairs of socks, two pairs of shoes, one pair of garters, one pair of gloves and four handkerchiefs.

Jimmy moved that batch to a large, airy room that had twelve beds in it. Behind his bed was a locker and he piled his clothing into it. Then he drew shaving brush and soap, safety razor, blades, comb and brush, toothbrush and paste, shoe polish, envelopes, writing paper and two stamps for his first week's correspondence.

"Want smoking tobacco or cigarettes?" the company commander asked.

Because of his joints Jimmy liked them already rolled. He drew a package of cigarettes.

"The laundry picks up your soiled clothes," Major Waltman said, "and the dry cleaner takes care of your suits. All this stuff will be replaced as you need it, but use reasonable care. Now, you'd better eat lunch."

That was the only military sound

Jimmy heard: The bugle blowing Soupy. The mess hall was in the hospital wing—a large room with hurrying waitresses, and a good, fine smell of cooked food about it. Jimmy laid into braised beef and gravy (seconds on this), French fried potatoes, buttered carrots, lettuce salad, apple

recreation hall, and played a little pool. He didn't draw any money—was still broke, because his case was not service-connected—but he found he didn't need any.

The thing he had to spend and the hardest to get rid of was time. To a man who has worked most of his life even play gets tiresome; and Jimmy wanted something to do. He wanted to earn his way even though it meant the Government wouldn't give him clothes and toilet articles and tobacco. For a time he did as some of the other members did—helped his favorite waitress in clearing the tables. He talked with the dietitian about the best chow for his ailment.

But he wanted real work with pay, and finally he saw a job he could do. For purposes of organization Major Waltman had set up a company commander who was, in fact, a sort of top sergeant in charge of the detail work of the domiciliary. This job paid forty dollars a month. Under the company commander were floor sergeants, responsible to the company

commander for their floors. This job also paid forty a month. Jimmy wanted to be a floor sergeant.

He would have a lot to do, for floor sergeants inspected the bedrooms, checked in the men at ten-thirty lights out, issued passes for those who were going to stay out later. The sergeants acted as judges and juries of the petty disagreements that arise between men living such a monastic life. The sergeants couldn't order any discipline for rule infractions but it was up to them whether to report such infractions or not.

Major Waltman was the only one who, with approval of the manager, Colonel Bryan, could discipline. He could take away passes, order extra hours' work per week, or, as a last resort, give the disobedient one a compulsory leave up to six months, getting him off the station. Jimmy discovered Major Waltman seldom had to do this. The men under their company commander and sergeants made a compact little republic that pretty well handled its own discipline.

If a man came in drunk and noisy, he was warned once. The next time he left the station. The men forced him to leave.

"We want peace and quiet and we'll get it," one man told Jimmy.

Jimmy wanted a sergeant's job so he could put money (Continued on page 38)



"We better report it stolen—I'm afraid they'll fire us if we tell the truth!"

betty with orange sauce, and two glasses of iced tea. It tasted swell.

After lunch there was a bus to take him around the bay to the Gulf of Mexico where he was to begin his heliotherapy cure. Inside the high wire fence along the beach was a new log cabin equipped with showers and lockers. He put on a breech clout and lay down on the white coral sand to let the sun have its will of him. The rays soaked in, loosened the joints, stole away the pain. He listened to the roll of the waves coming in from Mexico, and black depression left him and he knew hope and contentment.

For the next month time sped rapidly for Jimmy. He rose at six-thirty, bathed and had breakfast at seven. Then he made his own bed and policed around it. One of his roommates was a sort of corporal to see that the room was clean when the floor sergeant came around to inspect. He learned that most of the ambulant cases were assigned to do some sort of work around the station for three hours a week. The rest of their time was their own. Jimmy's time was all his own because of his malady.

He baked black in the sun, fished for sea trout and red fish off the bridge across Long Bayou, read in the well-stocked library, watched the lawn bowling team or a baseball game, attended movies twice a week in the splendid

A Place To Go

(Continued from page 37)

in the station credit union that Major Waltman managed with great skill and few groans. So he studied men. He met all the Spaniards, as the Spanish-American war veterans were called. He found out that some patients were trouble-makers. These men ate enormous meals, slept, and suffered from indigestion and howled about the chow. They wouldn't do any work; they wouldn't even think.

He liked, too, to talk to Major Waltman every chance he got. The major had been in the old National Home Service and was full of stories and unusual facts.

"Back in 1921," Major Waltman said, "on the Maine Station we had 450 Spanish War veterans, 325 Civil War veterans and only 71 of the World War. In 1932, only eleven years later, the Civil War vets were reduced to twenty-one; there were 332 Spaniards, but the World War men had increased to 1,000. I'd say that was about the proportion all over the country in all stations.

"The peak-load of Civil War veterans came in 1913, a little short of fifty years

after Appomattox. But now we think the peak load of World War men will come in 1952, and will be around 65,000."

He liked to chat of a day with the CCC men hospitalized here; and with the Canadian veteran who by a reciprocal agreement was hospitalized in Florida instead of Montreal. On the green lawn, sitting on the benches under the palms, he swapped war stories with the rest of the gang. Men liked him, and he found that they, like him, wanted peace and quiet and as little responsibility as possible. Mentally tranquil, he put on weight; his disease was arrested, and if he was not happy he was at least content.

Summer came and he dreaded the heat. But there was always a breeze, and the waters of the Gulf were cool. He played catch with a ball now and learned to type to keep his fingers useful. Then, one morning, the bulletin board carried a brief announcement of his appointment as floor sergeant. Rating a room of his own, forty dollars a month pay. Like those disabled veterans domiciled

here who drew compensation, he would now have to pay for everything except food, lodging and medical attention. But he was glad to do this. He had work. He was a man earning his way; he had his self-respect, and with it came happiness.

You can see him at Bay Pines any time you care to drop by this show-place of the Veterans Administration. Some day, with its four additional domiciliary buildings and extra domiciliary cottage for women already occupied and extra hospital wing, it will be four times as big as it is now. But it will always be the place where a disabled veteran without recourse to compensation can be fed and housed and clothed and know the safety of security. The ticket of entry is an honorable discharge from the United States forces—probably the most precious document a man can own.

American Legion service officers everywhere are studying this system for caring for disabled veterans. There are lots of other Jimmy Toobyes in this country.

Take Increased Devotion

(Continued from page 25)

of the people over the return of peace left an indelible impression on her mind. With her was her room-mate, a young Missouri woman who taught physical training in the Fayetteville school, later to become Mrs. Harry I. Smith and in a far future year to be appointed by Doris as Chairman of The American Legion Auxiliary's National Junior Activities Committee.

Her brother's safe return from France and the opening of a better position in the Fort Plain, New York, schools were big events in 1919 for Doris Sweet. Her success as a teacher continued and the fourth year in the profession brought her an offer from South Side High School in Rockville Centre, on Long Island, as English instructor.

There must have been a twinkle in the collective eye of the Rockville Centre Parent-Teacher Association when it voted to ask the eligible young men of the village to meet the new teachers at a party in a school auditorium. The story goes that meticulous care was taken in the selection of guests so that it became a sort of "command appearance" for the young men.

Among the men so selected was a young lawyer by the name of William H. Corwith, member of an old and prominent Long Island family, who during the World War had been wearing the stripes

of a sergeant first class, Quartermaster Corps. There are no official records of just what happened at the party but right there Rockville Centre lost a good English teacher. The wedding took place the following May, accompanied by her resignation from the teaching staff.

Mrs. Doris Sweet Corwith entered enthusiastically into the life of Rockville Centre. She became president of the Rockville Centre Service Club, a group of young women interested in welfare work, and was invited into the Fortnightly Club, the oldest and largest cultural organization east of Jamaica on Long Island. There in a short time she was elected to office as recording secretary and later served as chairman of the committee on education. She resigned this position when she became affiliated with the Kenwood Apartment Corporation at Great Neck, where much of the management of a large coöperative apartment house devolved upon her.

While carrying forward these activities, Mrs. Corwith was continually hearing about the work of The American Legion from her husband, an active member of Rockville Centre Post. When an Auxiliary Unit was formed by the Post in 1926, she became a charter member and soon was engrossed in the Unit's activities, finding pleasure in the duties assigned to her and losing no opportunity

for service. In 1932, she succeeded to the office of Unit President through the death of the woman under whom she had served as Vice-President.

From Unit leadership, she advanced through offices of the Nassau County organization to Chairmanship of the Second District, and in a remarkably short span of years rose to prominence in the New York Department. In 1934, as Department Vice-President, she supervised the Department's poppy program, making a record for sales. It was in this work that the Auxiliary first observed the full measure of compassion which lies at the roots of Doris Corwith's enthusiasm for her affiliation with The American Legion Auxiliary. In all phases of service for disabled veterans and for those economically adrift, she evidenced a consistent and whole-hearted interest.

The Presidency of the Department of New York went to her by unanimous action in 1935. She gave the Department's 624 Units and 25,935 members inspiring leadership. Her interest and enthusiasm are credited with being largely responsible for the passing by the State Legislature of the Amended World War Scholarship Bill, which provided for forty awards of \$800 each for college expenses of children of veterans who had died of service-connected disabilities. After the expiration of her term as De-

partment President, she accepted the chairmanship of Education of War Orphans in order to supervise the difficult task of searching out the children entitled to the awards.

In 1936, radio broadcasting was assuming its full stature as a great national force for the influencing of public opinion. The American Legion Auxiliary already was using it widely and now a capable woman of magnetic personality was needed to carry on and perfect the radio program. Doris Corwith, President of the New York Department, was appointed to the chairmanship of the National Radio Committee.

Mrs. Corwith's work as National Radio Chairman brought marked development to Auxiliary broadcasting. Building on the foundations established by her predecessors in this office, she planned and conducted frequent nationwide broadcasts, gave Department and Unit radio chairmen access to an ever-growing script library at National Headquarters, and directed the writing, printing and distribution of two official theme songs for Auxiliary use.

During the first year of this radio work, she also had the responsibilities of New York's Department President, and during the second, when the Auxiliary came to New York City for its National Convention, she was Chairman of the National Convention Committee. To her fell the work of directing the 1,000 New York women who arranged and conducted the great convention.

She was re-appointed to the national radio chairmanship for a third and then a fourth term, continuing her work in this vital field until elected National President. At the hour of her election, she was behind the scenes in the Chicago convention hall directing the broadcast of convention proceedings on a national hook-up.

Mrs. Corwith's radio work for the Auxiliary brought her into the Women's National Radio Committee, which includes representatives of leading women's organizations throughout the country.

She served on its awards committee during the years 1938 and 1939.

Like the husbands of hundreds of leaders of The American Legion Auxiliary, William H. Corwith has contributed



Raymond Sweet, the National President's brother, in wartime O. D.

in no small measure to the service rendered by his wife. The sacrifice of her stimulating companionship during the years she has devoted to Auxiliary work is but a repetition of the experiences of other husbands. Much of his own time has been devoted to Legion work. He served for years as County Treasurer, and is now Chairman of the County Finance Com-

mittee and a member of the New York Department's Investment Committee.

His father, Luther G. Corwith, with a brother Frank established a real estate business in Brooklyn in 1874, specializing in property in the Greenpoint section on the East River front, then a thriving development. The firm has been continued by the sons of the founders, still bearing the name, Corwith Brothers, Inc.; William H. Corwith now manages the busy Jamaica branch of the business. His mother and two sisters share membership with his wife in the Rockville Centre Unit of the Auxiliary.

The brother of Doris Corwith who came back from France in 1919, is now in the automobile business in Syracuse, New York, is proud of his seven-year-old son, of his membership in Syracuse Post of The American Legion, and, of course, of his little sister.

The inn still stands in Hillsdale, offering the same friendly hospitality to travelers. Its proprietor is Mrs. Harvey P. Sweet, member of Minkler-Seery Unit of The American Legion Auxiliary of Philmont, New York, and mother of the National President. She assumed complete management of the inn after the death of her husband in 1934.

In the Hillsdale village square, facing the inn, still stands the monument which gave the girl Doris those first unforgettable patriotic impressions.

Perhaps it is to the inn's fine old timbers and to the monument's gallant figures that Doris Corwith goes back for inspiration to guide the destinies of The American Legion Auxiliary this year—to these and to the sturdy men and women, appreciative of the privilege of being American citizens, from whom she is descended.

A rich heritage bequeathed by them together with native qualities developed by diversified experience have contributed to her development. By reason of an enduring faith in the cause to which she has dedicated herself, she exemplifies the finest traditions of American womanhood. She will make a grand leader for a great Auxiliary year.

Right Guy

(Continued from page 1)

talk different, like Yankees and Southerners and all that and too, them high-educated French speak what is called high-brow French."

Here he changed the subject a bit and asked: "Was you ever a Post Officer?" I said, "Yes, Post Commander, Service Officer, etc." "Well," he said, "I come pretty near being a Post Commander onct and would 'a been but on the night of the election the guy that wanted it said I couldn't run because I'd failed to pay my dues. Sure 'nough I had been away at work and I hadn't paid 'em. But

I didn't want to be no Post Commander. I don't like show and all that; just like I was in war, I always want to be out on the firing line. The feller that got elected that night got to be the State Commander the next year; so I was glad I got out of the way and besides I did not want to be no State Commander."

I was so greatly interested in the conversation of my buddy that I forgot the beauties of The Land of the Sky; I had seen nothing but had heard much. I was approaching my destination and was making ready to leave the train. Our

hero got off with me, saying he wanted to stretch his legs.

We had just stepped within the waiting room of the station when we saw a typical mountain woman, about 75 years of age, sitting dejectedly in a far corner and sobbing bitterly. My buddy rushed to her side. "Grandma," he asked, "what's the trouble?"

"I'm tryin' to git to the bedside of my sick daughter," came the answer between sobs. "She lives eight miles from here and I must 'a' left what little money I had on the train. The (Continued on page 40)

Right Guy

(Continued from page 39)

taxi man refused to take me and here I am, my daughter sick, 'bout to die and I just can't walk 'way up there."

"Bless your heart," said our hero, "we'll fix that"—then, turning so that he thought I could not see him, he reached for his roll; he had six one-dollar bills, and gave her five of them. "That'll get you to your daughter with some to spare," he said to her in a subdued voice. "Hope you find her much better; now I must get on my train, goodbye and good luck."

"Look here," I said, "Carter, you gave that old lady most of your money and you tell me you are on your way to

Norfolk. You will need some money—can't I let you have—"

"Listen, Buddy," he said, "I got a ticket and a reservation and sposen I was to miss a meal or two—what's it amount to? Money is not so scarce, find it anywhere, but only a few old folks like her is left around. My mother is one of 'em—I just been on a visit to her and, of course, I gave her most of my money 'cept little more'n enough to get back to my job."

His train was about leaving. I gave him my professional card and a great big, heart-felt handshake. He looked at the card and said, "I always wanted to be a

lawyer but I had to quit school and go to work and then come the war." His train was in motion, he swung on and turned toward me, saluted and said: "Au revoir and aufweedersane"—just why he omitted his Mexican border Spanish I can't say. From the very depths of my heart I returned the salute and yelled back to him: "Au revoir, coeur d'or." He heard it all right but he did not get it all—part of it must have been 'Castilian French' to him but the heart-of-gold part was a justly-deserved tribute to his great and generous heart.

A Right Guy, I'd say.

I Skulked a Little

(Continued from page 15)

Keyes and Mr. Burnside ran to the gate and peered out and saw the dead horse between the shafts of the quilez. "By cracky, Petey, you're right," said Dad gratefully. "You sure keep your eyes open, don't you? Lemme see, now. You're farm-raised, Petey, so you know how to unharness a horse. Kelly First! Go with Kyne and help him get a cart off a dead horse and then drag the cart in here."

Kelly didn't relish the prospect. There were two other Kellys—Kelly Second and Kelly Third, so he didn't see why Dad had to pick on him, with both the other Kellys present. However, Dad Keyes seldom made mistakes. Kelly Second was a light-weight mentally and physically and Kelly Third was a gangling boy so thin and weak from hyperactivity of the lower intestine that neither would do. And Kelly First, the brawny devil, was big enough to swing that dead pony by the tail. As a matter of fact he did—tailed him right out from between the shafts when the sketchy harness had been unbuckled. The cart was hit twice before we got it safe inside the sallyport and, presto, it was loaded.

Dad Keyes decided a corporal and a squad would be required to double for the horse and, for the first time, he decided to play no favorites. He called for volunteers. Of course I volunteered. I was the only veteran present. Hadn't I been out in the open twice under what war correspondents always designate as a withering fire? Mr. Burnside must have thought I was much too young to die and that he could better spare some man he had not yet learned to love, so he said kindly: "No, no, Private Kyne. You've done enough this morning and nobody doubts your willingness to go." I was deeply hurt. I said: "Sir, I claim it as my right, in return for services rendered!" So Mr.

Burnside said wearily: "Oh, hell, if you're going to throw things up to me, go and be damned to you."

So I went. I was the off leader, hauling at the end of a shaft; two others hauled at the single tree, two hauled away from outside the shafts and the remaining private and the corporal pushed behind. We went away at a dog-trot and the near leader, in a gay attempt to prove how little he minded facing death, neighed like a stallion and pranced and made nasty noises until the corporal told him to cut out the horse play.

At the concrete bridge on the Cingalon road we met the first wreckage of battle—Jack Tosney, et al., skulking in the ditch and under the bridge and, as previously related, I had my famous interview with Jack, and rested a little; presently feeling very virtuous and superior, I went on with the ammunition detail.

I do not know how much 18,000 cartridges weigh but they weigh plenty and delivering them over a rough, muddy road in a heavy cart moved by manpower was one job I knew I'd never volunteer for again. The cart and the ammunition had been hit three or four times and we were all jumpy, except the corporal, the dog, and he was reasonably safe behind the loaded cart until we turned at a left angle and then nobody was safe.

We swat and we swat and we cursed each other and ourselves for volunteering and one of the nuts, who was an old soldier, said he knew very well no sensible Regular Soldier ever volunteers for anything and why the hell he had violated tradition was more than he could say. The smart soldier, this wind-broken philosopher declared, will do that which he is ordered to do and no more, because if he does more he never gets thanked for it. In those days about the best a

buck got for extra-curricular activities was a week in the kitchen, and if you did something that would have brought you the Distinguished Service Cross, and two kisses from Admiral Foch in the World War, the first sergeant might or might not mention the incident on the back of your honorable discharge, provided you were discharged with a character not less than good.

We turned down a wide, grassy glade that led directly to Blockhouse 14 (in the old Spanish lines) because it was here we were to deliver the ammunition. A muddy, boggy road ran down the west side of this glade which after that day was known as Bloody Lane . . . presently about four hundred yards from the firing line I saw my first casualty. He was lying on his back in grass about a foot high and his campaign hat was tilted over his eyes to keep the sun out. There was enough of him exposed, however, for me to identify him as Corporal Steinhagen of G Company; and my heart came up in my throat and I wanted to cry. Instead I abandoned the cart and ran over to look at him.

Now, a digression here while I describe this Corporal Steinhagen. He was the handsomest man I have ever seen—so handsome he might have been called beautiful if he hadn't been the old warrior he was. He was a huge Norwegian well over six feet tall, beautifully built, erect as a flag-pole. He had thick golden hair and dark brown eyebrows and eyelashes and big, kindly, intelligent eyes the color of anemones. He had a magnificent golden moustache carefully cultivated an inch on each side of his smiling, kindly mouth, and when he walked by you knew a man had passed. He was my beau ideal of a soldier. I loved to look at him come to a right shoulder and do an about-face. He had been in the 14th

Infantry a long time; all in all, a Man!

I lifted the campaign hat off the dead face—and the big blue eyes looked up at me and Steinhagen said softly: "Curious little rookie, ain't you?" I said: "Oh, Corporal Steinhagen, I'm so glad you aren't dead. Where are you hit?" Said Corporal Steinhagen wearily, "I'm hit through both lungs and you ask me questions. *Put my hat back!*" I dropped it back on his classical features and I thought: "Pretty soon this Viking will be hammering at the portals of Valhalla and yelling to the non-commissioned officer in charge of quarters to bring him the queen of the Valkyrie." Steinhagen spoke again. He said: "You damned skulker!"

This, really, was getting a bit thick. "I'm not a skulker," I protested. "I'm with a squad dragging ammunition out to the firing line and when we rested I saw you and came over."

"Get on with your yob!" he commanded. "They'll be needing that ammunition."

He couldn't insult me. He was too wonderful. I wiped a bloody froth off the fringes of his magnificent beautiful moustache and held my canteen to his lips. He took a couple of big swallows and mumbled: "Thanks, kid. Get on with the yob."

He was glorious and I still think so. Forty years have passed but I have never forgotten that unconquerable man. Get on with the yob! I've been doing it ever since and whenever I do a bad job and have to do it over and over and over again I do not mind. I hear Steinhagen's golden voice with the warrior note of command in it. "Get on with the yob." That man did something for me and to me. He was back with us in six weeks.

We plodded on with the yob and finally got the cart mired in a bog about fifty yards from the parado of a trench we knew had once belonged to the Spaniards and later to the Filipinos. Men in blue woolen shirts and khaki breeches crouched behind it now. The corporal ran toward them shouting "Ammunition. Come and get it." Then he and six privates each lifted out a case and ran forward with it just as the enemy opened a fire on us that put the wind up in me in a hurry. I went into the bush like a jack-rabbit. Why should I carry a case of ammunition out there in the open where men could sight on me? Weren't men running back from the shelter of the parado to unload the cart?

I stood on the fringe of a little strip of wood and gazed across a little grassy field of about an acre—and started counting dead men. Eighteen. I said to myself: "They are shooting at the ammunition detail but it seems quiet in this little field, so I'll cross to the parado here." I started across as fast as I could run—and the manner in which the (until then) crackle of rifle swelled in volume I knew I was IT and if I wasn't tagged it would be a miracle. I ran wildly; I didn't

look where I was going and I should have because I was running among the dead men... presently I stepped on something spongy and yielding—and I knew! It was the swollen abdomen of a dead man! I tried to recall my step, with the result that I lost balance and came down in a helpless sort of flop, as a man, hard-hit, falls. Bullets dug into the grass beside me, the crescendo of rifle fire died to di-



"Can you drop back in 15 minutes? The house is a mess."

minuendo and I lay in the tall grass too petrified to move, for my face was within six inches of the face of a lad who was a good pal of mine, an M Company man named Harvey Knight. Harvey's brains were in his hat and there was a gory hole through the haversack strap where it crossed his heart and another gory hole in his thigh; there was beside him a little pile of empty cartridge cases—about forty. He had knelt there, firing quietly, until the end—and on his nice face was a smile. Yes, a smile, not a grimace. He must have said something funny to Douglas, who lay five feet away—and, still smiling, had gone out like a light.

I cried over him and I had to go away from him. So I jumped up and the firing started again, but I made the parado and slid in under its welcome protection face first.

After a while I took stock of myself. I had a crease across the top of my left leg above the knee just deep enough to leave a scar. I had a series of holes up through my left sleeve, wherever a wrinkle had bulged. I had a hole through the peak of my campaign hat, I had a hole through the left breast of my shirt and out the right breast, I had a bullet through the stock of my Krag and, to my huge disgust, a bullet had struck the gate of the magazine and twisted it a little on one hinge and it would not close properly. Old Major John Miller Murphy, affectionately known as Spud, sat with his back to the parado and smiled at me. He'd taken a Minié ball in his hip at Chancellorsville when he was my

age... he was an old, old warrior and one of the grandest. He leaned toward me and said: "Arrah, they're the bum shots!" But Spud was no comfort to me. He couldn't stop my sartoris muscles from doing the hootchy-kootchy, or my breath from coming in short takes or my face from blanching or my hands from trembling. I thought he was a terrible old man and quite devoid of the finer feelings, and

I loathed myself for having volunteered and gotten into this mess, for it *was* a mess when, upon an invitation from some daring devil I took a quick look over the parado into the trench on the other side and was sickened by the long smear of dead Filipinos I saw, all higgedly-piggledly in battle array.

About the time I began to breathe normally again I heard, far down on the right of the line a mile away a bugle sounding the charge. Another joined in and a long sustained yell drowned the magic summons. In a little while the same thing was repeated—closer—and I sat there and listened to those bugles coming up the line, closer and closer and then Spud Murphy was passing the word along the line for the men to be sure they had five in the magazine and one in the breach.

I looked at the old man, fascinated, and I saw the E Company bugler watching him, too, with something of the alertness of a terrier. Presently Spud nodded, as calmly, as casually as if he were nodding across a room to a friend—and that bugler blew the charge and we all stood up and followed old Spud over the trench with the dead natives in it and out into the field. The bugle spoke again and we all flopped and sent five rounds into the bush ahead of us. Then Spud was up, limping along on a damaged sixty-three-year-old leg and I saw him take two shots at a rifleman in a tree and bring him down at forty yards with his pistol. Then I saw Jimmy Thompson of M Company killed. A bullet plucked out his jugular vein and the great spouts of blood leaped about three feet and almost deluged me. We ran on and flopped again and some horsethief put three bullets—one, two, three—into the ground right under my nose and filled the chamber of my Krag with gravel.

That was the finish. I'd stood a lot and with a reasonable measure of dignity, but I wasn't going to stand any more. I didn't belong in this fight, I thought virtuously. I had completed my detail and should return to my proper station, which was snug behind that three-foot brick bastion at the Cuartel de Malate.

I started to rise but one of my company who had helped drag that accursed cart out with me, was lying beside me. He was a cool young man named Arthur Downes and he saw that I was going to beat it. His great hand clamped over the back of my neck and he shoved my nose down to earth again. "Pete! Pete!" he yelled. "Don't dishonor yourself!"

I shrieked back, (*Continued on page 42*)

I Skulked a Little

(Continued from page 41)

"I'm all right, Arthur. I'm just scared to death!"

Then the bugle spoke again and we got up and I watched Arthur get a little ahead of me—then I bolted for a field of pole beans I saw about twenty yards to my left. Nobody saw me leave and nobody tried to stop me. In I went and I thought: The dogs can't sight on me here—and one of them sighted three times at my head out there. But my number wasn't up.

I FELL into a narrow ditch about four feet deep. I thought: This must be an irrigation ditch, but where do they get their water? I ran along it, bending low, until I found a man sitting in it in front of me. I hated him instantly because he was a witness to my skulking. I yelled at him to get out of my way and give me a chance to get by.

I didn't want to climb out of this safety spot to go around him but he did not answer—and then I saw he had a black eye where a Mauser had entered exactly in the corner. He hadn't bled externally and he had just died!

I crawled over his lap and this panicked me some more. The funny irrigation ditch turned sharply at right angles

thrice. It was a sap leading from a forward position back to a secondary line of native entrenchments and the regiment was executing left wheel to enfilade them.

Suddenly I turned a corner into the main trench and it was a mess. A wounded native took a hack at me with his bolo and I parried it mechanically with the barrel of the Krag. I could have poked the barrel into his brain but I wasn't feeling mean. I just wanted to get away from there.

Just then another native soldier—a mere brat—poked upward at me with a short curved dirk. I think he tried to hamstring me but only succeeded in getting the point home in the heel of my shoe. I felt I should return good for evil in this case, also, so I went hopping along and other wounded made swipes at me and finally I thought: I must get out of this trench. So I did and—well, you know what happened after that.

E Company had gotten into Aguinaldo's band and the mad rush for souvenirs was on. I chased a musician until he dropped a very nice expensive flute which I couldn't play so I sold it for two and a half to a lad that couldn't either but thought he might learn when the

war was over. There were souvenir hounds before 1917, you'll understand.

It seemed I had only been out about half an hour yet it was dusk and the fight was over and we halted in some woods and men were running around asking for their bunkies. I thought a battle was a very strange performance. I had seen but one man killed and yet of about seven hundred men in action my regiment's casualties were 40 killed and 139 wounded—roughly, as I figured it then—28 percent, which isn't bad for a couple of hours of hot rifle fire from untrained natives, sans machine guns and artillery.

THE corporal came and collected his squad and we were all present. Arthur Downes gave me a funny look and then put his arm around me. "So you came back," he said. "I saw you beating it at the third rush but I saw you join the line again at the fourth."

I permitted him to think I had overcome my demoralization by a magnificent effort of will, that I was a very devil of a fellow. Indeed, before very long I had convinced myself that this was so. However, after forty years I know I skulked a little.

St. George for Zeebrugge

(Continued from page 9)

ing toward the shore, to permit the attackers to lay down a smoke screen. High tide was needed, to get the blocking ships into the channel. The sea had to be smooth, so that troops could be landed on the mole.

The obsolete light cruisers *Iphigenia*, *Sirius*, *Brilliant*, *Intrepid* and *Thetis* were overhauled. Explosive charges were laid along their keels. The United States Navy was consulted on using cement to balk efforts to raise the ships after they had been sunk. The *Indictive* was fitted with a false deck and special gangways to land men on the mole, which rose thirty feet above the water. The two lowly ferryboats for storm troops, *Daffodil* and *Iris*, were armored with steel. The public protest when they were removed from service at Liverpool had been quieted by announcing they were to be used in America to embark troops!

Two old submarines had their bows packed with tons of explosive. Were their crews to be human bombs? Airplane photographs were taken of the harbor. Marines and bluejackets practiced storming objectives, with a full-scale model marked on the ground.

Finally, in March 1918, all was ready—

except the weather. Night after night the moon was too bright, or the wind too fickle, or the tide too low. The men were on edge. Each moment increased the chances that the enemy was warned, and warning meant annihilation. From France came nothing but bad news. No one knew where the Germans would stop. It was the hour of despair.

Twice this queer fleet started out, only to return to its lonely anchorage. On April 11th, when but a dozen miles from the goal, a favorable wind veered, threatening to blow their own smoke screen back into their faces. On the 13th, rough seas forced another cancelation. On the 22d the tide was high, the sea was smooth, the wind was right. But the moon was full. Admiral Keyes decided to start once more. The men were at a high pitch. They would reach Zeebrugge at midnight, when it would be St. George's day, and he was England's patron saint. It was a good omen. Admiral Keyes signaled his fleet, "St. George for England!" Captain Carpenter on the *Indictive* signaled back, "May we give the dragon's tail a damned good twist!"

Under the full moon one could see for

miles. Then down fell a drizzling, blanketing mist. Perhaps St. George was on their side! At a given point the *Brilliant*, *Sirius* and other craft left to blockade the Ostend canal mouth, while the main group continued on to Zeebrugge.

Shortly before midnight the monitors *Erebus* and *Terror* began the bombardment of Zeebrugge with their long-range guns. The Germans were not surprised; this had often happened. Two or three searchlights casually explored the night, then went out. A star shell rose and fell to seaward, unwittingly locating the mole for the approaching ships. Like angry hornets the motor boats sped ahead to lay down the smoke screen. As the Germans sighted them, Zeebrugge exploded into life.

Suddenly the wind changed, and began to blow off shore, wafting the smoke screen seaward and exposing the British ships to the fire of the batteries. A huge searchlight located the *Indictive*: shells crashed into her, killing scores of men, shooting away all but four of her boarding gangways.

At one minute past 12, exactly on schedule, the *Indictive* was along the seaward side of the mole, in itself some

protection. There was a heaving swell; the grappling irons would not hold. The ferryboat *Daffodil* nosed the *Vindictive* against the mole and held her there. She rolled and bumped as the storming troops jumped down to the mole from lurching gangways.

Machine guns mowed down half the first men over. An officer with one arm shot off waved new men on with the other. But the landing troops could not silence the mole batteries; the men who were to bomb the seaplane hangars and docks were shot down before they could reach them; and the *Vindictive's* upper works, extending above the mole, were riddled by enemy guns.

Meanwhile, the submarine *C3*, lit up by star shells and under fire, was speeding toward the viaduct. In her bow were five tons of amatol which would blow her to bits if she were hit. The Germans guarding the viaduct with its railway line to the mole believed the submarine was trying to go under the viaduct and into the harbor. In a moment of quiet the English heard their shouts and laughter. The sub would be caught fast; they would take the Britishers without a struggle.

Her commander, Sandford, drove the submarine hard between the steel supports of the viaduct, and fired his time fuses. He and his men hopped into a motor skiff to get away, but its propeller failed.

They had to row for their lives. Fifty yards—a hundred—two hundred. In one flaming blast the viaduct roared high in the air, annihilating its defenders and cutting the mole off from the shore. One job was accomplished.

As the viaduct blew up, the blockship *Thetis* rounded the end of the mole, and hurried for the mouth of the canal. On her heels were the *Intrepid* and the *Iphigenia*. The *Thetis* listed heavily as the mole batteries tore into her. She cleared the way through some steel nets, until her propellers fouled on the wires. Mortally wounded, she had taken the brunt of punishment, could go no further, and signaled the other ships to pass her.

The *Intrepid* led the way into the canal's entrance under heavy fire. She made the canal mouth, rammed her prow into the eastern bank of the channel, then swung her stern around until it grounded on the west bank. Her commander blasted out her bottom, and down she settled in the water. Another objective was achieved.

The *Iphigenia* came in close behind, while shore batteries blasted at her point-blank. Her commander saw a gap between the *Intrepid's* prow and the east bank. He swung the *Iphigenia* round to close it, churning his motors backward and forward until, after what seemed eternity in the withering fire, he had her where he wanted her. Then he threw the switches. There were dull thuds below the water line. A third objective was accomplished, the job done. (Continued on page 44)

“How does COOLNESS rate
with you in pipe tobacco?”
we asked in a drafting room...

COOL BURNING MAKES
A WORLD OF DIFFERENCE IN
PIPE-SMOKING. PRINCE ALBERT
TAUGHT ME THAT. IT'S SO MUCH
MILDER!

A COOL SMOKE IS A
MELLOW, DELIGHTFUL
SMOKE, THANKS TO
PRINCE ALBERT'S
CHOICE TOBACCOS

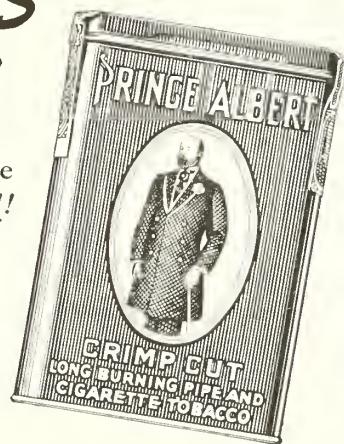
COOLNESS COMES
FIRST WITH ME, TOO.
THERE'S NO BITE IN
COOL-BURNING P.A.,
BUT THERE'S PLENTY
OF RICH TASTE
AND AROMA

IN RECENT LABORATORY “SMOKING BOWL”
TESTS, PRINCE ALBERT BURNED

**86 DEGREES
COOLER**

than the average of the 30 other of the
largest-selling brands tested...coolest of all!

UP goes the pleasure of pipe-smoking when
burning temperature goes down! There's
no excess heat to bite the tongue and flatten out
flavor and aroma. COOL-SMOKING Prince
Albert opens the door to TRUE MILDNESS
and MELLOWNESS with PLEASING TASTE
— the topmost joys of choice, fully aged tobac-
cos. “No-bite” treated for extra smoothness.
“Crimp cut” to pour, pack and draw easier. In
a pipe (and a “makin's” smoke, too) you'll
simply be delighted with P. A.!



50 pipefuls of fragrant
tobacco in every handy
tin of Prince Albert

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Prince Albert THE
NATIONAL
JOY SMOKE

St. George for Zeebrugge

(Continued from page 43)

Cutters went alongside both ships as they were settling and rescued the crews.

Many strange things happened in the confusion of battle. When a launch smashed a hole in her bow, a seaman sat in the hole to keep the water out. One group of officers took to a life raft and found, to their consternation, that it had an automatic flare which lit on contact with water, making them a perfect target for German machine guns. A cutter accidentally left the *Iphigenia's* commander on a raft. Seeing a rope trailing behind the departing craft, the commander leaped into the water and grabbed it. He was towed for yards, trying to keep from swallowing the entire North Sea, before he was seen and pulled aboard.

An hour after the first onslaught, the

British recalled what was left of the landing parties and the fleet limped off under the shelter of a smoke screen. Even the *Vindictive* got away. As the last of the launches put out to sea, the flagship *Warwick*—which, with Admiral Keyes on board, had remained near the *Vindictive* throughout operations—slipped in to search for stray survivors. In the thinning smoke, aided by star shells that still rose vainly, she sighted a damaged and overloaded launch. When the *Warwick* drew near, her Admiral's flag luminous in the flickering light, the men on the launch stood up and cheered their admiral. From that tiny boat, that never should have carried more than 50, the flagship took 100 men. Their cheering was the last sound of a famous victory.

Out of a total of 1500 men, 400 were wounded and 200 dead. Besides the ships purposely sunk, the British lost only one destroyer and two motor boats. Back in port, they heard that the simultaneous raid on Ostend, with the blockships *Sirius* and *Brilliant*, had failed.

But their own gallant effort, which one officer had called "sheer madness," was a success. The Zeebrugge canal was corked up. No submarines left it for five months. The German U-boat campaign was once more based on distant Heligoland. The spectacular daring of the attack sapped German confidence, and raised the spirits of the Allies, whose people seized upon it as a sign that the tide had turned. Seven months later the war was won. It had been indeed St. George for Zeebrugge!

To Nowhere and Back

(Continued from page 17)

Tasmanian, a brute of a fellow, the personification of endurance, with more patience than Job.

Goulet and Grenda were odds-on favorites to win, even though there were other great combinations in that contest—outfits like Brocco and Van Kempen, and Egg and McNamara. Nobody paid much attention to the usual pairs of beginners and rookies. Nobody paid attention to a team composed of Dave Lands, a struggling, rugged youngster, and Sammy Gastman, a little Jewish boy from the Bronx.

The opening days of the race were concentrated hell-on-wheels. Some riders ate ten meals a day, and the food wouldn't settle. The constantly shimmering pine track made a few seasick. Others suffered the usual rider's occupational diseases, sore seats and constipation. But by Thursday things were clicking. It was one of the first races under the new point system, and the constant sprints broke beginners, eliminated weaker competitors. Goulet and Grenda were still heavy favorites. But oddly enough, the newcomers, Gastman and Lands, were hanging on.

As the closing hour approached three or four teams were tied in mileage, but Goulet and Grenda were far ahead on points, and unless someone did the impossible, went out and stole a lap, they were the victors.

But someone did the impossible. It was the slender Jewish lad, Sammy Gastman, suddenly catapulting his steed from out the dreary pack and smashing into the lead. Grenda and other leaders were caught deep in the field. Gastman, pedaling like the wind, went three times

around, then was relieved by Lands. Lands kept the lead, and then shoved Gastman back in—and between them, the two youngsters drew farther away from the others, caught up with the tail-enders and lapped the field. Gastman and Lands, leading by a full lap, with fifteen minutes to go!

The spirits of the other competitors flagged. They were weary and their legs leaden. They were through. But not Alf Goulet. He smiled grimly at his Tasmanian partner as he whirled past the cubicle. He stuck with the pack. He waited. The field slowed down to a snail crawl. Tired men facing the journey's end. Only twelve minutes left. Soon eight minutes left. And then—suddenly—a deafening roar—from thousands of throats the scream—

"There goes Goulet!"

His bike bolted yards and yards ahead of the mob. Head down, shoulders hunched, legs beating like pistons, he urged the screaming tires over the wood. The others picked up the challenge, went madly after him. Gastman, caught in a pocket, struggled to extricate himself, lost time and energy, and finally, bravely, took up the pursuit. But just as well try to catch Mercury.

The huge Grenda wheeled out on the track, received a strong push and a pat from Goulet, and now Grenda took up the torch, half way ahead of the field, trying to make up that extra lap, battling the slim, taunting finger of the big wall clock.

One minute left. Then forty-five seconds. Alf Goulet was riding again. Not like a man, but like a machine, without heart, without blood, merciless, driv-

ing, smashing, plunging, forward and forward—and gaining, up to the rear of the field—for a complete lap as the final gun banged the end of the race! Goulet and Grenda, after 144 weary hours, both aged veterans, had made up their lap—and defeated gallant Gastman and Lands on points in the greatest Frank Merriwell finish in all sport history!

AFTER the World War, six-day bike racing became better organized and began increasing in popularity. The United States Cycling Association took over the events. Their czar was a gentleman from Georgia named John Chapman. He paid the riders their guarantees—beginners receiving over \$100 for every day they raced, and veterans, above good salaries, battling for a prize of \$2,500, and sometimes as high as \$5,000.

Chapman selected the teams. He would place old with young, break up superior combinations, do everything possible to make races interesting. He controlled it entirely, and never a race was fixed. The best men always won.

Today, the Association has a new czar. His name is Harry Mendel—and he has booked six-day bike racing throughout the Americas, spreading it from New York to Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Chicago, Buffalo, Miami, Los Angeles, and even to Toronto and Montreal.

Harry Mendel, following the tradition established by Chapman, allows riders to earn as much as they can by permitting spectators to offer cash for one- or two-mile special sprints. I recall one occasion, at the Garden, about ten years ago, when Mickey Walker, then welterweight boxing champ, tried to liven up a dull race

by offering twenty-five dollars for a five-lap sprint. The pedal-pushers fought it out, and the winner collected. Across the Garden sat Edith Day, musical comedy star. She offered one hundred dollars for another sprint. Then Mickey topped that with a prize of two hundred and fifty.

This went on through the evening, celebrities pushing up the ante, until Peggy Hopkins Joyce emerged from her jeweled splendor and put up one thousand greenbacks cash for the winner of a brief sprint!

The riders earned more that evening than they did the rest of the week.

One feature of bike racing satisfies the inherent sadistic nature of spectators. It is packed with gory accidents.

One time old Bobby Walthour, of the baby face, slipped around a curve at fifty miles an hour in the Parisian Velodrome d'Hiver, went crashing through the top guard rail, tumbled fifteen feet to the cement below—and was immediately shipped for dead to the morgue. The next day, taped like a mummy, he was laughing about it.

I once chatted with Bobby Walthour about his wounds, and he told me he had been pronounced "fatally injured" six times, and twice declared dead!

But when it comes to being on the receiving end of wholesale destruction, there aren't many who compare with Reggie McNamara, the Iron Man, recently retired.

McNamara was for years the doctor's delight. He broke every obvious bone in his system. He fractured his skull, acquired several brain concussions, over a half dozen cracked ribs, a broken leg, split knee—he has inhaled so much ether he almost prefers it to air.

Once, trying to add another race to a dozen major six-day victories, McNamara and his giant partner, Pietro Linari, led the field by a narrow margin going into the next to last day. Then, on a vicious turn, traveling full blast, McNamara's front tire blew—and strapped to his bike, he went rolling. He wound up with five stitches in his head and two broken ribs. The track doctor told him to quit. McNamara laughed, had himself bandaged from arm-pits to hips, re-entered the contest in a half hour and tried to hold up his end. The following day, however, his colleague, Linari, tumbled and gashed his skull—and Reggie, tortured, despite the sneering of Lady Luck, went on to win!

One of the most courageous modern pilots was Carl Stockholm, a good-looking Chicago kid who joined the infantry during the World War, was badly shot and gassed in action—and was in time shipped home an invalid.

The physicians gave him one chance for recovery. Exercise. Carl took to a bicycle, found he was more talented along cycling lines than anyone he knew, entered amateur competition and won a berth on the Olympic team. Within a few years this invalid (*Continued on page 46*)



Our Debt to Old Bohemia

"MY grandfather would have got a big kick out of this!" Frank Cermak ran a caressing finger along a towering transformer insulator, ready for the kiln. "He was a skilled pottery maker in Bohemia—turned out beautiful urns and vases. But he never tackled a job like this. It's about the biggest we've done."

Frank Cermak, head of the G-E Porcelain Department, isn't afraid of big jobs. His family have been skilled porcelain craftsmen for generations. His father, back in 1891, organized the department that Frank now manages. And Frank's son, too, is following the family tradition.

Ancient skills, passed on from father to son for generations, still play a part in modern industry. Porcelain craftsmen, for instance, produce insulators which make possible the transmission of electricity from the powerhouse to homes and factories, where it serves you in a thousand different ways.

In General Electric are hundreds of men who, like Frank Cermak, are applying their special skills to the task of making electricity more useful and less expensive. These experts—scientists, engineers, skilled workmen—are helping to provide you with the comforts and conveniences that electricity makes possible. They, too, are devoting their lives to the creation of More Goods for More People at Less Cost.

G-E research and engineering have saved the public from ten to one hundred dollars for every dollar they have earned for General Electric

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To Nowhere and Back

(Continued from page 45)

soldier was a top-notch six-day rider—and for ten years dominated his new profession, gaining fame and health.

Probably the two best riders produced in recent years were William "Torchy" Peden and Alfred Letourner.

In the last ten years, red-headed Peden, paired with little blond Jules Audy, won the amazing total of thirty-one major six-day races. Last year he introduced his younger brother, Doug, to the game and rode with him in the Garden. Peden, a behemoth of a man, once revealed to me that he was near-sighted, and couldn't see clearly nine feet away, without glasses. Yet he gained a reputation for squeezing through tight spots, and in Minneapolis, in 1931, on a measured mile track, he sped his bike 81 miles an hour!

Peden has the biggest appetite in the business. After much experimenting, he decided an egg had the value of a pound of steak—and within eighteen hours he has been known to consume thirty-three eggs and six quarts of milk! In fact, the six-day grind once whetted his appetite to the point of his eating over a dozen meals a day, and actually gaining ten

pounds during a strenuous, wearing race.

The only other man with a comparable hunger was a Hercules of a Belgian named Harry Stockelynych, a tireless rider, who loved raw chicken, and would tear the birds apart with his huge hands and gulp the morsels down. He devoured fourteen meals a day!

As for Alf Letourner, the dazzling Frenchman, who in 1931 copped both New York six-day classics—he was involved in a hundred story-book finishes. But the best was a couple of years ago when he was scheduled to ride in the Montreal six-day contest with Henri LePage.

Letourner was busy until the last minute, and planned to fly from Newark to the race, and still have a few hours to spare. But everything went wrong. There was a fog, a thunderstorm and rain. Letourner's airplane was forced down miles from Montreal. He knew his partner, LePage, would have to start, at midnight, alone. Letourner hiked through the driving rain to a farmhouse, and bribed the occupant into taking him by automobile to Montreal.

They began the trek through inches

of mud. The car almost turned over once. It blew two tires. At five o'clock in the morning, shaking with chills, numb with cold, Letourner reached the track. LePage had been pedaling five consecutive hours, and was almost unconscious. After a quick rubdown, Letourner threw himself into the fray, found he and LePage were trailing by ten laps. He rode like a demon, gained eight of the laps back—and on the final day, in a fierce battering finish, finally won!

The best team in the world, in the last few years, has been the German combination of Kilian and Vopel, who made \$25,000 two seasons ago. Owning eight bikes, with cotton processed tires, they walked away with four of the last six international races held in New York. The chances are they're in uniform somewhere in the Reich.

But they'll be back, with the rest of the cast—the Frenchman, and his beret, the Italian, singing a native song, the Belgian, the Pole, the Australian—one of these days.

They'll be scrapping, struggling, joking, speeding—and riding feverishly, miles and miles—to nowhere!

Blind Man's Bluff

(Continued from page 7)

packing, if you know what's good for you," he hissed in her ear. "Remember, I can rip him from throat to waistband, and you too, and I will if things don't go according to my liking."

Dragging her along half-fainting in the hollow of his arm, the old man unlocked the house door, without opening it. He threw down the string of scrap-iron there; and then forcing Ellen back into her chair behind the table, drew his own chair close. The knife hovered at her side until her nerve-ends were mere twigs of ice.

"I won't let on, Uncle Myron," she gasped.

The hand that held the knife was hid in the red fringe of the table-cloth. Barr Leavitt banged on the door noisily, and opened it without ceremony. He looked ruddy and strong.

"I thought I'd just dodge in," Barr said. "Anything you want in the way of groceries, Uncle Myron?"

"Is there, my child?" Uncle Myron asked Ellen benignly.

"Nothing," Ellen forced herself to utter.

Barr Leavitt looked at her hard, and then at the strings of scrap-iron.

"What's all this?"

"Just a game we play," Uncle Myron

chuckled. "Just a little game to while away the poor blind man's hours. She hides from me in amongst these strings, and I tell where she is hiding from the sound." He twitched at a string, and the scrap-iron slid together, chiming. "Spider and fly, we call it," he added, with a flash and wheel of his sightless eye-balls.

"It's—it's fun," Ellen said.

"It must be. My God, Ellen," Barr cried, staring at her hair and cheeks, "you look like you had been drawn through seven knot-holes." His indifference was gone at last. "Don't you ever go out in the open air at all? You don't have to stick so close to Uncle Myron as all this."

"That's what I keep telling her," the old man purred. "But you can't make her think so."

Death hung in the air, with that look in Barr's blue eye that seemed to say, for two cents he would snatch her bodily out of that dismal kitchen, whether or no.

Ellen said sharply, "I'll thank you to mind your own business, Mr. Leavitt. What I do or don't do is no concern of yours."

She achieved a look of positive hatred. The black shades of Uncle Myron's prison-house had seemingly settled on her, smutting her face, soiling her hair, darkening her brain.

Barr Leavitt was perfectly confounded.

"I guess if that's how you feel about it, I better make myself scarce," he said. He shut the door, and his footsteps died away.

Ellen Paulsen sank forward slowly, and with her hair scattered in a ring on the table, sobbed great convulsive sobs.

"He'll never look at me again," she moaned.

"Sure to if he learns you have inherited," Uncle Myron croaked.

"Inherited," Ellen repeated, sitting up and pushing hair out of her eyes.

"I'll write a will and leave you everything," he said, and tapped the back of her hand with his horny forefinger.

"Uncle Myron, no."

But he was already writing on his writing-board. Soon he tore off the sheet and jammed it into his coat pocket.

"There 'tis," he proclaimed. "Just the scratch of a pen done it. All my strong-box is yours. You won't have to wait long, either. Dying's easy when you get the hang of it."

"There's—there's no witnesses," Ellen said faintly.

"Young Leavitt can witness it tomorrow."

But hadn't Barr accused her of wanting to wrap the old man round her greedy

finger? Now it would seem as if she had done it. She must get this will away from Uncle Myron, tear it up, while he slept, and put another sheet of paper in his pocket. But it seemed as if he never slept. He was too absorbed in this fascinating problem of how to keep a vigorous young woman with two good eyes from escaping out of his blind clutches.

There was not much chance of anybody's looking in on them, she knew. Uncle Myron had been so thundering ugly with his few neighbors that now they all steered clear of him. The postman came no nearer than the mailbox. The doctor had told her that if the old man had a dying spell, she could go to Drummond's house and telephone.

Tranced, she heard the steeple clock ticking with a loud beat followed by a faint one, as if time itself had gone lame, and dragged a leg. Uncle Myron, with his iron-colored head cocked on one side, sat listening to her least moves. By chance her elbow knocked against his writing-board. He had shoved it away from him to the center of the table, and now, staring at the dirty tablet, she saw that if she wrote across it exactly where the notches came, her writing would not conflict with what Uncle Myron might scratch there later. The two lines of writing, his and hers, would alternate.

Fantastic as it seemed, it was a chance. She took a stub of pencil, and wrote, a word at a time, and very lightly, so as not to make a squeak, "I am held here by this old man. He is mad. He has a knife. If he mistrusts anything or anybody, he will kill me. Have Barr Leavitt come. Alone. Ellen Paulsen."

Half an hour later she announced with a casual little yawn. "You seem to be out of safety-pins for pinning money, Uncle Myron. Hadn't you better write to Anna Quick to send you a few cards of them?"

This was taking Uncle Myron on his weak side. He was more than a little struck on himself as a penman. He felt out the writing-board again, shoved the tablet against the top-cleat, put the spike in the top-most notches, and began writing.

"I'll put it in the mail-box for you," Ellen said.

"Tain't likely," Uncle Myron answered. He made his down-strokes very black, so black indeed that Ellen began to be afraid her own strokes, faint as they were, might not be noticed. But Anna had sharp eyes, and any communication from Uncle Myron was sure to get a close reading.

He tore the sheet off, and slipping it into a stamped envelope, dirty from his inside pocket, addressed it to Anna Quick.

He looked sharp at Ellen from under shaggy brows.

"You think you can stand without hitching, while I drop this in the box?"

"I'll be right (*Continued on page 48*)

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.. say VELVET

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Blind Man's Bluff

(Continued from page 47)

here, Uncle Myron, until you get back."
"I better throw a hitch round ye."

He jerked down a coil of cindery rope, tied her into her chair cleverly, lashing her unresisting arms against her sides. Then, when he started for the mailbox, he left the house-door open, so that he might hear anything that went on in the kitchen. Ellen Paulsen didn't move a muscle. Uncle Myron was nimble, and could return in a flash, if he had to. His calloused fingers screamed their way along the icy wire that replaced the optic nerve in his black scheme of things.

Next he was swallowed up in a cloud of snow that took the shape of a wind-eddy. Even when the flurry died, Ellen Paulsen couldn't see him. He had vanished. In his place, a crow hovered, perched on the mail-box, and bent down his tail, black as a stove lid against mounded snow.

"It's me that's mad," Ellen told herself. For that second, she felt masses of goose-flesh rising on her thighs and arms.

But despite the bird's black twinkle, and that suspicious pointing of his iron-colored beak, Uncle Myron had not been transmogrified into a crow. If he had got out of sight, that was because the wire had been shifted away from the mail-box in the direction of Drummond's house, and at a bad time for Ellen Paulsen, since now Uncle Myron couldn't mail her letter. He couldn't find the box.

Once before, this wire had been shifted. That time the Drummond boys had shifted it, had tied it to a tree on Drummond's land. Had the little wretches shifted it again? Ellen had a sense of suffocation, as if the malicious facts had clamped themselves like iron round her breast.

The house-door slammed shut and put the lamp out. Desperate at last—for Uncle Myron might think she had shifted the wire herself to devil him—she worked the chair round, and getting the back of it tilted against the table edge, put all her strength into a thrust of her round legs.

The chair, rim-racked to begin with, fell in pieces, and Ellen fell with it. She rolled and twisted, and then, managing to get to her knees, wrenched at splintered rungs, wrestled black coils of rope down the round of her quaking body. Steps sounded outside, and her heart pounded against the roof of her mouth. Uncle Myron was coming back. She lifted the shot-gun by its sooty barrel. The door swung in—but it was Barr Leavitt who stood there, staring at the gun-stock lifted as if Ellen meant to brain him.

"I know what you think," Barr said. "You've got to let me explain anyway before you slog me."

Ellen let the stock of the gun bang against the floor.

"I thought it was Uncle Myron," she whispered.

"Uncle Myron's dead."

"Dead."

"The wire was shifted," Barr went on, fumbling for words. "He got confused. His—his heart stopped on him."

He took her hard by her two shoulders, trying to speak further, but no words came. Something on the floor had caught his eye. In her struggles with the chair, she had knocked the Bible off the table. It stood tented on its two black covers, and a lot of crisp ten-dollar bills were lying in the soot.

Ellen Paulsen saw now why the old man's hands had covered hers, and why he himself had turned the pages as she read. The back of this Bible was his treasure-house. Barr Leavitt stooped and began picking up the bills and slipping them back between the leaves.

"Sheriff's coming," he muttered. "I telephoned him. No need for him to see all this money lying around."

The evidence was too damning, and Ellen Paulsen just gave up. She laughed a light, brilliant, crazy laugh.

"You've got the sheriff coming. You've caught me red-handed, haven't you?" she cried. "You knew I was after his money all the time with these little pickers and stealers," she blazed, flinging up her hands with the fingers spread. "Now it looks like I had got it. Here's his strong-box, isn't it? There's any God's legion of money in it. And all willed to me."

"Willed to you?" Barr repeated stupidly.

"Look in his right-hand pocket, if you

don't believe me. The will's there, sure enough, only," Ellen Paulsen went on with another quivering wild laugh, "he wouldn't die fast enough to suit me, so I shifted the wire on him. He just carried his life like an egg in a spoon anyway, he said so himself. Any little start would roll it out . . . The sheriff can pin it on me plenty."

"Now I *know* you're lying to me," Barr Leavitt said thickly. "Because I shifted that wire myself, it so happens."

Ellen felt as if an icy cold wind were blowing through her heart. Would they arrest Barr?

"You? You shifted it?"

"Sure I shifted it. I didn't like what was going on here, you so black and dopey, with that sleep-walker look to you. So I called the sheriff from the Center. Then I came back. I figured Uncle Myron would be coming out after his morning mail before long, so I shifted the wire over to that crippled oak on Drummond's land. When he did come, I let him get pretty near to the end of the wire before I snapped it out of his hands. He pitched right down."

"Barr, what possessed you?" Ellen moaned, clinging to him.

"I didn't go for to kill him, naturally. I only wanted to leave him floundering, so's I could get me a chance to talk to you alone a minute before the sheriff came. You giving me all those dirty looks, I kept thinking maybe Uncle Myron had told you I juggled that money of his purposely, but I swear to God, Ellen, it was just a dumb mistake, and how I come to make it I don't know."

"You didn't make it," Ellen said.

"Uncle Myron changed that bill himself. He changed it from a five to a one. He knew you didn't like my being here. He wanted to come between us."

"Holy Indian! Why would he want to do that?"

"He was afraid you would get me away from him."

"Fair enough," Barr said. "If I was blind, and I got hold of you—"

"Don't," Ellen screamed. "He did have hold of me, don't you see? He had a knife under the table-cloth, that last time you came, and he promised me—he promised me—"

"Why, he was daft," Barr Leavitt suddenly perceived.

"I think you had better take me to—where he is," Ellen whispered, and stepped across the door-sill.

Snow whirled in her face. In among the silver beeches, crows were arguing some fine point. They held a sort of conclave. Ellen Paulsen felt as if her legs were wood and fitted into wooden sockets. They dragged along, slurring up the new light April snow, and back



"He's the fellow who used to put his head in the lion's mouth at the circus."

of her, Barr Leavitt began stopping and questing under the snow with his foot.

"What's on your mind?" Ellen asked, looking back and showing him a sharp, pinched, bloodless face.

"Nothing much."

"Yes there is something too. What is it?"

"I was thinking maybe—before the sheriff comes—it'll look better if—if I shift this wire to the mail-box where it was before I—"

He raised the wire a little out of the snow on the toe of his boot. It slid off, he hooked it up again, toying with it.

"No," Ellen Paulsen gasped. She stamped the wire down into the snow. There was blackness of terror in her blue eyes.

"All is," Barr persisted, "it don't look so good, with Uncle Myron dead on account of me shifting this wire, and—and the will made out to you. Where you and I have been so kind of thick, it could look like a conspiracy to . . . People might say—"

"No," Ellen breathed.

"It's more the will than the wire. We ought to get that will out of his pocket and tear it up," he urged. "We know we are innocent of course—but just the same—"

Ellen shut her eyes, and swayed against him with a violent shake of her head that made her hair sting his eye-balls.

"We are blind. Blinder than Uncle Myron ever was," she said. "And blind people can't have things shifted on them. Uncle Myron shifted that five-spot to a one, and after that I couldn't touch you, I couldn't find you any more than in the pitch-dark, and still there you were not arm's length away. You shift this wire back or go pilfering the will, and we'll get separated, and we don't do so well when we are separated. Barr, keep me with you."

"Tell the truth?"

"Maybe the truth can set us free."

"That's the theory," Barr said dismally.

Overhead, iron-colored crows cawed. Uncle Myron seemed to sit on every tree-limb, mocking. Wind had blown the snow off the wires that led from the back-door to the barn, well, and woodpile. They sparkled in the sun, threads of a web in which the fly was caught, though the spider was dead.

And now it was too late to juggle with the facts, even if they wanted to. A car had stopped in the road by the mailbox. The sheriff, Cass Wincapaw, was walking towards them. A bow-legged, paunchy, scrutinizing man, who made heavy going of it through the snow.

"What's wrong?" he asked, coming up. "Old man in trouble?"

"Not any more," Barr said. "He's dead."

He nodded towards the oak-tree on Drummond's land. Cass went over there, and bending down, took hold of Uncle Myron's snowy shoulder.

"He's dead all right. What was he doing out here?"

"He came out to mail a letter and went astray a little," Barr said.

Cass had got hold of the wire.

"I get the idea," he said. "His wire came off the post, and he got excited trying to lay his hands on the mail-box."

Ellen Paulsen waited for Barr, and Barr said nothing. He was going to let that explanation of the sheriff's go. He was crazy. When Cass got at the will, he was sure to come back to this question of the wire. Yet Barr said nothing, and

words stuck in Ellen's throat. They seemed to be drifting into that spinning whirlpool of the facts. Cass Wincapaw reached into Uncle Myron's right-hand pocket, and brought out that smutted piece of paper.

"This ain't the letter. Why, this looks to be his will," Cass said, reading. "Sure it is. It's his will. He leaves everything to somebody named Ada—Ada—can you make out that last name, girl?"

Ellen Paulsen felt a lightness distributed all through her quaking muscles, a sort of giddy flash. (Continued on page 50)



A NATION UNITED BY TELEPHONE

JUST twenty-five years ago, on January 25, 1915, the first trans-continental telephone call was made.

President Wilson talked from the White House across the country, testifying to the nation's pride "that this vital cord should have been stretched across America as a sample of our energy and enterprise."

The inventor of the telephone, Alexander Graham Bell, in New York, repeated across the continent to San Francisco the first words ever heard over a telephone—"Mr. Watson, come here, I want you"—to the same Thomas A. Watson who had heard them in the

garret workshop in Boston in 1876.

That ceremony ushered in trans-continental service twenty-five years ago. Then it cost \$20.70 to call San Francisco from New York. Now it costs \$6.50 for a station-to-station call and only \$4.25 after seven in the evening and all day Sunday.

In 1915 it took about half an hour, on the average, to make a connection. Now most calls are put through without hanging up.

These are measures of progress in the never-ending effort of the Bell System to give faster, clearer, more useful and courteous service to the people of the United States.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



Blind Man's Bluff

(Continued from page 49)

"Farwell," she had just force enough to say, looking over Cass' shoulder. "Ada Farwell."

"You know any Ada Farwell?"

"I've heard him mention her. She was his Klondike sweetheart."

"Klondike. I bet you she's been dead half a century," the sheriff hazarded. His brown eyes were full of righteous indignation. "He just couldn't do nothing

right. Uncle Myron couldn't, could he? Willing all his pile to this Ada Farwell, after you tending out on him the way you done, Miss Paulsen. The least he could have done was will what he did have to you."

The crows were flying overhead now. Their shadows moved fast on the snow and vanished. Ellen Paulsen felt as if, just in the nick of time, she had been

dragged by the hair, by the skin of her teeth, out of some pit or sink-hole. There was warm violence in that arm of Barr's that held her weak body up on feather knees. She tilted against him gratefully.

"Uncle Myron's done enough for me without willing me his money," she murmured. "He was a one-woman man, it seems. I'll burn lights to his memory for that."

65 Million and More To Come

(Continued from page 21)

concerned lest America's wild life become extinct. Their plan was to make a business-like survey of the situation, determine how to improve it, and get the job done. In 1931 they published a book called "More Waterfowl By Assisting Nature" which is still the cornerstone of the duck conservation movement. It proposed a program that had been worked out in coöperation with wild game officials of the United States and Canada.

The original breeding place of American ducks is a region taking in most of the two Dakotas and large sections of Minnesota, Nebraska and Montana in the United States, and an area about twice as large in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and the Canadian Northwest Territories. Altogether, it includes nearly a million square miles, or the equivalent of a dozen average-sized Versailles Treaty countries. The first survey, made in 1933, showed that in the United States and in the southern half of the Canadian grounds agriculture had claimed eighty percent of the old water areas, and that half of the ponds, lakes and holes left were dry in that summer.

More Game Birds in America was one of the organizations instrumental in getting the "duck stamp" act passed. That has produced nearly three and one-half million dollars, not counting the 1930 sales, since 1934. The President's Committee on Wild Life Restoration was asked for an eventual \$25,000,000 for refuges, and had allotted \$23,000,000 from emergency relief funds up to last September. In the United States there are now 136 refuges primarily for migratory waterfowl. They cover 1,611,711 acres. Hundreds of "duckports" have been built in recent years by private citizens, gunning clubs, service organizations, municipalities and States. The foundation aids with instructions in creating these smaller refuges and awards annual trophies for achievements.

However, the United States can't appropriate money to be expended in Canada, and it is among the muskies

and uncounted lakes of the primeval breeding grounds far to the north where our ducks are hatched, or more than seventy percent of them, anyway. Our neighbors raise them, and we shoot 'em. We can salvage a part of the nursery on this side, but the main effort will have to be to protect the Canadian grounds. Not that the Dominion and provincial governments and their officials and citizens haven't made generous and vigorous efforts. They have, and their contribution out of proportion, generously so, considering the comparative resources of the two nations concerned.

But it was seen that it would require the help of John Q. Citizen himself, and especially the duck gunner, to put the plan over. That is the reason for Ducks Unlimited.

Ducks Unlimited was founded in 1937, as a kind of extension of the More Game Birds foundation. Its members are duck gunners, or anyone else interested. It now has a membership of nearly 20,000 in the United States with a couple thousand volunteer workers in Canada. The members live in every State in the Union, and it gets homesick memberships in places like Honolulu and Arabia. The size of the dues is optional, but a standard minimum is the cost of one day's duck shooting as reckoned by a member.

In 1938 Ducks Unlimited allotted \$100,000 to be spent in Canada on the program. In 1939 the allotment was \$125,000. The Canadian volunteer workers, or "Kee-men," contribute no money, but they do a lot of useful chores right on the spot. They think nothing of making up a detail of volunteers and going twenty miles or so to throw up a dam that will save a duck community menaced by the lowering water level in some pond.

The Cree and Chipewyan Indians in Canada call this outfit "Ducks No Shootum," and they are all in favor of its program, because it is promoting the return of the muskrat by making more ponds, and is importing beavers to build dams. Pelts mean income to these

Indians, and to a great many whites as well.

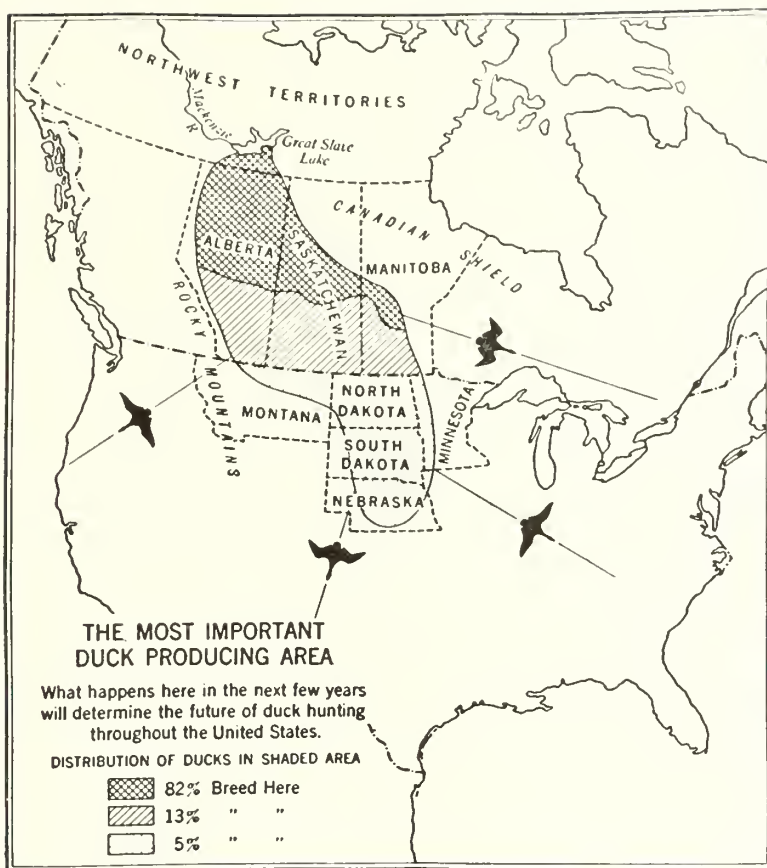
Among other activities on the Canadian duck breeding grounds, Ducks Unlimited and Canadian bounties eliminated 300,000 predatory crows and magpies this past year. In 1930, D. U. worked on two tracts in Alberta with 805,000 acres and others of more than 200,000 acres in Saskatchewan and Manitoba. The Canadian governments gave them management rights, and are providing patrols and also building dams at their own expense.

Up in the Saskatchewan delta a biologist and a naturalist of Ducks Unlimited surveyed a 60,000-acre area and found that northern pike were killing a third of the duck hatch, or 182,000 birds, besides a lot of young muskrats. Canada has set aside 300,000 acres there, and Ducks No Shootum is to prepare management plans and coöperate with the government men in pike control.

An annual duck census of the whole empire of duck breeding is made by the wildfowlers' organization with the aid of 2,000 volunteers from both sides of the border, all Ducks Unlimited men. Over the great water-logged northern tundra the count is obtained from airplanes, and the illustrated report on this job makes as interesting a book as a man often reads.

The story about saving the ducks and their breeding grounds has been told very sketchily here. There are lots of other main characters in it—CCC boys, farmers, school children, government scientists and all kinds of sundry folks. It isn't completed; this is an early stage of a five-year plan with its goal a far larger duck population breeding on permanently secured grounds.

Surveys and research have shown that a recurrence of the disastrous dry summers of 1931-34 would result in another decline in the duck population, even under the improved conditions existing; the foundation and Ducks Unlimited estimate that another 3,000,000 acres of water project area secured against



Here's why most of the money spent on ducks goes to Canada. But American sportsmen have a big stake in the enterprise

drought levels are necessary to safeguard against that danger. The five-year objective of federal agencies and the private organizations is an additional 7,500,000 acres.

The aim is not only to keep the numbers of migratory waterfowl at present figures, but to increase them, and very largely. Other conservation bodies are still demanding shorter open seasons, or the abolition of duck shooting altogether. More ducks is the only justifiable answer to their arguments.

It would be unfair not to take note of the work done by More Game Birds in America in the department of upland game birds. Grouse, quail, wild turkeys and similar kinds have been disappearing in the United States, even as their swimming cousins. Most small game birds are on farms. One of the founders of the organization provided funds to establish a game conservation institute at Clinton, N. J., and 150 young men were given free courses at this experimental station. Game breeding methods developed there and data collected from private and public preserves were incorporated in a manual for farmers and others, and more than one million free copies have been distributed in this country. Most farmers are eager to cooperate when they understand what it is all about.

And what is there in this program to warm the cockles of the heart?

Well, this is only one man's opinion,

but it occurred to the writer that here was an international problem that provided a fine pretext for a disagreeable dispute, and even a first-class scrap.

Instead of agreeing that migratory birds were joint wards of the two nations, Canada and this country could have ignored them and let them be killed off. They could have clapped on a universal closed time.

Or we could have maintained a national interest in these ducks and claimed them as a cultural minority. That would have entitled us to make demands, bring pressure to bear and finally take over some good wheat country and swamp-land, provided we could lick the Canadians.

As it is, everybody can have a crack at duck gunning, and men who have to save up a year for a gunning trip are in effect proprietors of the vastest game bird preserves in the world. A lot of government people on both sides, including Mr. Roosevelt and the CCC boys here and the PFRA boys across the line, and thousands of private individuals, including a few millionaires and many low-income duck shooters, have all chipped in and are settling the matter without killing anything but some crows and pike, and are getting a lot of fun out of the whole business. There is something comforting and reassuring about the whole picture. But it's about the way you'd expect men who like to go duck gunning would handle such a matter.

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Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Ten Crowded Years

(Continued from page 19)

poison in all of the alcohol produced.

Lobbyists of the Anti-Saloon League dictated their desires to Congress and the timidity of the people's representatives was high-lighted by a prohibition lobbyist, Bishop James Cannon, Jr., who defied investigators armed with evidence that he had used funds of that organization to play the stock market and had conducted a privately-financed campaign of intolerance against Alfred E. Smith, who as the Democratic candidate for the Presidency had been overwhelmed in 1928 by Herbert Hoover.

Early in February ex-President Taft died, leaving Calvin Coolidge as America's only surviving ex-President. At the time Mr. Coolidge was moving from the \$25-a-month tenement which he had maintained throughout the term of his high office to an estate of comparative magnificence in Northampton, Massachusetts.

ELSEWHERE in the world at the start of 1930 news stories reported that the harassed German government, accepting the Young Plan as successor to the Dawes Plan in its floundering attempts to keep up reparations, had borrowed \$125,000,000 from the fabulous Ivar Kreuger in return for a 10-year match monopoly. In Spain, where he had been fighting uprisings for years, Primo Rivera turned in his resignation as dictator to King Alfonso, and died. In the recently enlarged Papal State a certain Cardinal Pacelli was named Secretary of State to succeed Cardinal Gasparri. That Cardinal sits today on the Papal throne as Pius XII. Italy, where a treaty guaranteeing Austrian political independence was signed, had a celebration as a minor cabinet minister, Count Ciano, married Il Duce's favorite daughter Edda. China was even then an extensive battle-ground but it was a civil war that was being fought, in principle between the Nationalist government and Communist leaders. Actually it was a dog-fight among various war-lords. Later in the year dispatches from Ethiopia described the coronation of a new emperor, Haile Selassie, with unique pomp and pageantry.

Aviation still remained in the stunt stage. Not until the end of the year could passengers fly from one coast to the other. Lindbergh, married the preceding year, became a father, and the air news of the day featured new trans-continental records alternately lowered by The Lone Eagle and Frank Hawks.

On the sport front Sir Thomas Lipton again lost to a United States entry, the *Enterprise*, in what proved to be his last attempt to retrieve the America's Cup. The following year that fine old sports-

man died. The Athletics won the World's Series over the Cards. Bobby Jones, miracle golfer, announced his retirement from match play.

As the year came to a depressing close America had learned the truth of the old Wall Street adage, "There's no top to a bull market and no bottom to a bear market." In April and in June, in October and November, renewed forced selling had in each frenzied session sent stock values to new lows. People tightened their belts. Apparently the return of prosperity was not to be as rapid as had been hoped. To stimulate recovery President Hoover was asking Congress for more than \$100,000,000 for "the greatest program of building in our history."

America, concentrating on domestic problems, saw nothing ominous in political developments in Germany through that year. In September a figure who aroused mirth because of his Charlie Chaplin mustache emerged as a new German leader. The national socialist party, or nazis, which Adolf Hitler led, won 107 seats of the 550 in the Reichstag. Anti-Jewish hooliganism was rampant as the new members took their seats. We saw no threat to peace in this. Indeed, French troops withdrew from the Rhineland in June after twelve years of occupation. In December French and Belgian troops evacuated the Saar Valley.

If the New Year of 1931 seemed gloomy there was at least the consolation that things certainly couldn't get worse. Prosperity, we were told, was just around the corner. There was soon to be some aid for war veterans at least. Over a Presidential veto a bill had been passed, in the House by a vote of 328 to 70, in the Senate 76 to 17, authorizing veterans to borrow fifty percent of the face value of their bonus certificates. All this new money in circulation promised to speed recovery. Somehow it didn't.

The Prohibition controversy was highlighted by the report of the Wickersham Commission, a majority of the members of which favored repeal or revision of the 18th Amendment. President Hoover refused to tamper with it, calling it a "noble experiment."

As financial troubles both here and abroad threatened the monetary structures of the world, in late June the President proposed a one-year moratorium on all war debts. In the face of this generous gesture to Europe strife for world trade became more bitter. Great Britain, grown mighty on a policy of Free Trade, enacted import tariffs as high as fifty percent. Other nations did likewise, with the result that international trade was stifled.

American sport lost a notable figure

early in the year when Knute Rockne, storied coach of Notre Dame's pigskin warriors, met death in an airplane crash. Another beloved American to die, in the fall, was the great inventor Thomas A. Edison.

Abroad, King Alfonso of Spain was deposed. Mussolini was in conflict with the Vatican as a result of wiping out Catholic Action groups, the last political barriers against Fascism. Germany's finances were in worse shape than ever. American Federal Reserve Banks were advancing her a hundred millions in credits after the British had been unable to assist. Indeed, Great Britain was to borrow four times that sum here from private bankers.

Mahatma Gandhi, clad only in breech clout and shawl, was in London for peace parleys after a year's campaign against British rule in India keyed to civil disobedience as distinguished from passive resistance. Japan began its conquest of Manchuria "to restore order" there. American notes reminding the Japanese and the resisting Chinese of their obligations under the Kellogg Pact went unheeded and attempts of Secretary of State Stimson to rally Great Britain and other signatories of the Nine-Power Pact received the cold shoulder. The nazis were gaining in local elections.

In December the 72d Congress saw Democrats in control of the House for the first time in twelve years. John N. Garner, the new Speaker, was chosen by the narrow margin of 218 to 207 votes.

A bad year was 1931, marked by increasing unemployment, widespread wage cuts, the abandonment of the gold standard by England, with repercussions the world over.

BEST forgotten is 1932 at home. Few were the bright spots amid parades by "hunger marchers," "Farmers' Holidays" attended by picketing violence, strikes in industry, open defiance of the courts in forced sales under mortgage foreclosures. Reluctantly must be recalled the shameful dispersal of the "Bonus Expeditionary Force" from Washington before tanks and Regular soldiers armed with machine guns. An overtone of despair ruled amid something approaching chaos.

So grave were affairs at home American interest in upheavals abroad was somewhat passive. Manchuria was in fact annexed by Japan, with a pretense of sovereignty as the state of Manchukuo. Hitler was Chancellor of Germany after a meteoric rise of the nazi party to be measured by the 11,000,000 votes cast for the fuhrer in the presidential election to 17,000,000 votes in the parliamentary elections a few months later, giving the nazis complete domination of

the government. Poland signed a non-aggression pact with Soviet Russia.

Between the period of the landslide which in November elevated Franklin D. Roosevelt to the Presidency, with the electoral votes of 42 States, and his inauguration in March, America had the jitters of uncertainty. Bank runs forced institutions to close their doors all over the country. Script served for money in many places. The nation was not far from panic.

Keynoted to the phrase "All that we have to fear is fear itself," March 4, 1933, proved a turning point as the new President was inaugurated. No matter that he promptly declared a banking holiday and those of us caught with little cash had the devil's own time buying necessities: there attended a definite upswing in sentiment. The new Congress, overwhelmingly Democratic, granted sweeping powers to the President with the one thought of reviving the nation from despair. An appeal to hoarders to return their withdrawals when the banks began reopening nine days later was reassuring. More than six hundred million dollars in gold and gold certificates was re-deposited. An early symbol of the New Deal was marked by legalization of the sale of beer and light wines. The House vote on that reversion against almost fourteen years of attempted enforcement of Dryness was 316 to 97. Within a month Michigan started the parade of legislatures towards the necessary 36 State votes to make effective full repeal of the 18th Amendment. Early December saw the final end of that mockery.

Of the many agencies launched to achieve full recovery the brightest early star to which hopes were affixed was the National Industrial Recovery Act, "a partnership between Business and Government." In August the Blue Eagle, symbol of that hope, fluttered throughout the Nation.

So elated was most of America by the rebirth of optimism that almost unnoticed went a diplomatic parley in Rome in early June when Mussolini and the ambassadors of France, Britain and Germany affixed signatures to a peace pact to run for ten years. The moratorium on war debts being ended, most debtor nations made modest "token" payments in silver. These proved to be the last payments made by our major debtors. In England and in France subsequent reminders of debt obligations were greeted with the contemptuous phrase, "Uncle Shylock."

Reacting from three years on the toboggan, most Americans embraced all recovery measures without question. Banking reform was made doubly impressive as through the year a government investigation of pre-crash procedures disclosed shocking greed if not flagrant dishonesty in the highest financial places. Farm credits lifted farmers from the slough of despond. Under the

stimulus of NRA factories were reopening everywhere, with wage and hour regulations promising a near millennium. For the desperately poor there was emergency relief—a dole. The Civilian Conservation Corps put to work youths who had been idle for three long years.

In the bustle of all these new government activities, Americans failed to sense the significance of the rise of the national socialists in Germany. Opponents of the nazis were disbanded by sweeping decrees. Assassinations were rife. Fortunate were those opposition leaders who escaped by flight. Communists and Jews suffered most, but stern restrictions also were imposed on Protestant and Catholic groups. Nor was this nazi terror confined to Germany. Austria, alarmed by its spread there, outlawed the nazi party.

Optimism still was in the ascendant as 1934 made its bow. Yet painful financial readjustments under way in local governments here were overshadowed by foreign bond defaults totaling over three billion dollars. Friction over codes of fair competition under the NRA was prompting General Hugh Johnson to threaten "crackdowns" on "chiselers." By September General Johnson resigned in a self-predicted "hail of dead cats." NRA tottered. Labor, still unified under the American Federation of Labor, was consolidating huge gains. But strikes went on, the most serious outbreak being a three-day general strike in the San Francisco area. Crime was rampant with kidnappings and bank robberies all over the Nation prompting grave concern for law and order. Most picturesque of the Public Enemies of the period was one John Dillinger. For most of the year his exploits, which were to end in death, brought to attention the hitherto little-publicized Federal Bureau of Investigation, whose operatives gangland itself tabbed as G-men. Melvin Purvis, who led the Dillinger chase, became a public hero with his chief, J. Edgar Hoover, as in a reversion of sentiment which had approached worship of "big shots" of crime during the prohibition era, G-men found a pedestal on the crime front.

Abroad, Germany opened the year of 1934 by signing a ten-year peace pact with Poland. In mid-year Hitler flew to Venice for a two-day visit with Mussolini. The Italian dictator, secure in the limelight as the world's first sword-rattler, received the fuhrer in the mood of imitation is the sincerest flattery. At the same time Germany declared a moratorium on all her foreign debts, including American loans under the Dawes and Young Plans. Directly thereafter took place the nazi "Blood purge" of 77 brown shirt leaders whose loyalty Hitler questioned. Within a month nazi assassins slew the Austrian Premier, Dollfuss. Italy, concerned by the ruthless tactics of Hitler, rushed (Continued on page 54)



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for Your
Safety*

put on
**WEED American
Bar-Reinforced
TIRE CHAINS**

Ten Crowded Years

(Continued from page 53)

troops to the north to forestall any attempted coup. When a week later President von Hindenburg died, Hitler seized complete power. At the year's end France and Soviet Russia signed a protocol of mutual support to keep the peace in eastern Europe. Spain was in turmoil.

OTHER highlights of that on-the-whole encouraging year at home were the "50-cent" dollar, the birth in Callander, Ontario, of the Dionne quintuplets, the tragic death of King Albert of the Belgians in a fall while mountain-climbing, the boycott of vicious movies, the *Morro Castle* sea disaster, Japan's denouncement of the Washington Naval Treaty. The worst drought in years plagued the Middle West and attention was first focused on those drab areas known as the Dust Bowl. Despite improved national morale, however, Harry Hopkins reported 16,000,000 families were on government relief rolls.

The surge of national optimism attending recovery measures definitely sagged through 1935. The wisdom of some of the measures was being questioned, and nervous business men welcomed the President's promise of "a breathing spell." A new agency, the Works Progress Administration, which in no time at all became known familiarly as the WPA, replaced the dole. NRA was declared unconstitutional, first Supreme Court failure to support a major New Deal measure, although other parts of the program had won approval only by the narrow margin of 5 votes to 4.

Babe Ruth, most colorful baseball figure of the decade, turned in his homerun clubs to the Yankee bat boy after dominating the national pastime for fifteen years. In New York City, climaxing a long-drawn-out scandal pointing to close connections between politics and crime, a new hero emerged in the person of Thomas E. Dewey, special rackets prosecutor. Dutch Schultz, last of the sordid crime czars of the Prohibition era, was slain. John L. Lewis, resigning as vice-president of the American Federation of Labor on the issue of industrial versus craft unions, launched his civil war in labor circles with a "Committee of Industrial Organization," now the Congress of Industrial Organization, always the C. I. O. United States Senator Huey Long, regarded by many as a rising American dictator, was assassinated.

Abroad the year opened with citizens of the Saar basin voting 9 to 1 to return to German rule, followed by Hitler's announcement of reestablishment of conscription. An army of 324,000 was planned, he stated. France and Italy protested, to no avail.

Ominous gestures toward Ethiopia by Italy in the late summer caused a threat on the part of the League of Nations to invoke economic sanctions. The British fleet, concentrated in the Mediterranean, was warned by Mussolini to go home. With little face-saving, the Mistress of the Seas complied.

The year 1936 at home opened with yet another Supreme Court blow to the New Deal. The Agricultural Administration Act was declared unconstitutional by a vote of six to three. The bill providing for the immediate full payment of the Bonus was enacted over presidential veto, in the House by a vote of 324 to 61, and in the Senate, 76 to 19. When the Bonus bonds were distributed in July few were the veterans who were not obliged to cash them for the payment of pressing debts.

Alf M. Landon of Kansas, chosen as the Republican standard bearer in June, was overwhelmed by President Roosevelt at the polls in November.

Peace was still an important ideal both here and in England. Munitions-makers in both countries were under legislative fire. In France, a Leftist Government nationalized the arms and munitions industries. But in Germany arms were the new god of the nazis. Early in March Germany marched troops back into the Rhineland in defiance of the Versailles Treaty and the Locarno Pact.

Italy, having conquered Ethiopia in seven short months, mostly by airplanes and the use of mustard gas, renewed her pledge to defend Austria, and then hastened to take part in the Civil War in Spain. Rightists under General Franco had landed at Cadiz from Morocco in mid-July and ugly civil war, barbaric in its first phases, raged from the Mediterranean to the Bay of Biscay. Germany soon joined Italy in support of the rebels, later to be called nationalists, while Russia sent assistance to the leftist government.

IN ENGLAND King George V had died in January of this year of 1936. He was succeeded by Edward VIII, who as Prince of Wales had been called "the Empire's Salesman." In October British Tories were violently upset as it became known that the new king was paying court to an American divorcee, Mrs. Wallis Warfield Simpson. Prime Minister Baldwin declared that the King could not contract a morganatic marriage. On December 10th King Edward announced his "final and irrevocable decision" to renounce the throne. His brother, the Duke of York, succeeded him as George VI.

President Roosevelt took the oath of office for his second term on January 20,

1937, the date for that ceremony having been advanced six weeks by a constitutional amendment which also sounded the death knell to "Lame Duck" sessions of Congress. Labor strife starting in the automobile industry was marked by a new technique—the "sit-down." For the first time in his Administration the President witnessed majority public disapproval of one of his proposals—the sponsorship of a bill to increase the size of the Supreme Court from nine to fifteen members. The bill was defeated.

Other news of the year was the destruction of the German airship *Hindenburg*, the horror of the schoolhouse explosion in New London, Texas, where 427 young lives were snuffed out, the death in Rome of Guglielmo Marconi, father of wireless communication, the coronation of George VI, and the marriage of the Duke of Windsor to the woman for whose love he had renounced the throne.

Abroad, East and West, the nation was shocked by war's turmoil. In July a Chinese sentry on the Marco Polo Bridge in Peiping had fired on Japanese troops. Thus was launched the Japanese invasion of China.

The Spanish Civil War saw increased participation by Italian and German "volunteers" while England and France mewed feeble and futile protests against repeated affronts to their sea-rights, the sinking of merchantmen by "pirate" submarines, or destruction of ships by air bombs from mysterious unidentified planes. Formally, Germany and Italy declared intentions of extending their power in the Mediterranean. Hitler gave full scope openly to rearmament. The Rome-Berlin axis was broadened to include Tokio, ostensibly as a united front against the spread of communism.

The New Year of 1938 was ushered in with expropriation of American and foreign oil properties in Mexico. Dominant human interest story of the year was the flight around the world of Howard Hughes and three companions in the amazing time of 91 hours.

Austria fell to the nazi forces in a Hitler coup on March 13th. A British protest was ignored. French suggestions to Italy for concerted joint action were turned down. Mussolini frankly approved the *anschluss* which two short years before he had mobilized his army to prevent. Forgotten were his treaties with Austria. In the midst of this surprise Poland, too, mobilized in a threat to her neighbor Lithuania. Five weeks later Great Britain and Italy signed a harmony pact, followed by a return state visit of Hitler to Rome and awakened concern for the peace of Czechoslovakia. The German press thundered against alleged persecution of the

German minority in the Sudeten mountains on the German border. In June Czechoslovakian troops were mobilized. France and Great Britain came closer together. In September Italy followed the nazis in enacting anti-Semitic laws. All Germany was now an armed camp. To counter the French Maginot line she was furiously building Rhineland defenses, the West Wall. Italy gave support to German complaints of the Sudeten problem. In protest France assembled an army as the British fleet was mobilized. Prime Minister Chamberlain and Premier Daladier of France flew to Germany for a conference with Hitler and Mussolini at Munich, and were told of the Fuehrer's ultimatum to Czechoslovakia. Soviet Russia watched proceedings covertly.

Air power was the unknown factor in Germany's might. The British and French on September 30th accepted Hitler's terms for the surrender of the Sudetenland. The Germans had agreed to occupy the new territory gradually and under the supervision of an international commission, but this promise of moderation was swept aside completely as Hitler's troops marched into Czechoslovakia, occupying what territory they pleased. Two other nations also grabbed as that World War-created democracy fell supinely. Poland marched from the North, Hungary from the South.

In the Orient Japan moved aggressively. Hankow, temporary capital of the Nationalist government, fell. Followed the occupation of Canton, which, dominating the British naval base of Hong-Kong, established a definite threat to Britain. Without loss of time the Japs next seized Hainan Island, severing the British line from Singapore. Seizure of Spratly Islands constituted an equal threat to French and Dutch possessions in the East, a menace to the Philippines.

With Austria fully absorbed and economic domination of Czechoslovakia following, the world waited anxiously for the next move in Europe.

Re-armament was a major concern of Americans as 1939 stepped forth on the

last relay of the decade, but it was arms to defend our peace. The nation's leaders embraced the entire Western Hemisphere in their new defense plans. From indifference to subversive activities, the people became aroused to the spread of communist influence here which The American Legion had been battling through the post-war period. Other foreign groups also were under fire and sabotage of democracy from within was no less a concern. For the first time since she severed ties with England America welcomed British sovereigns when the king and queen of the British Empire paid the East a brief visit.

Anxiously America kept its eyes on the powder-keg of Europe. The Spanish Civil War came to an end in late spring with Franco's nationalists the victors. In March the complete subjugation of Czechoslovakia became a fact as the nazi government established a "protectorate" there, while the fascist government, not to be outdone, on Good Friday strafed Albania and established a "protectorate" over the little kingdom.

All this fruit of the Munich conference alarmed France and Britain. Both sped re-armament. As Germany turned on its friend Poland, which had been satisfied with crumbs from the nazi table of conquest, the issue came to a head. Poland appealed for aid to the French and British, both of which had military missions in Moscow seeking some sort of offensive and defensive tie-up with soviet Russia. But the nazis were ahead of them. To the consternation of the world, Hitler and Stalin, supposedly arch enemies, negotiated both a commercial agreement and a non-aggression pact.

Poland was promptly vanquished in a blitzkrieg, or lightning-war, the start of which brought war declarations against Germany by France and Britain, with Italy holding her breath as Mussolini marked time. While that war proceeded cautiously on land, aggressively on the sea, with air power yet to meet a major test, the soviet imposed conditions which stopped just short of sovereignty on the Baltic governments of Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania. With German ambitions in the Baltic and to the East thus apparently stymied, Hitler sought peace on the basis of a partition of Poland between the soviets and the nazis. Late in the year came the outrageous attack by the soviets on Finland.

America, trying to make sense of this crazy-quilt of broken treaties and unpredictable turns, showed firm determination against mixing again in the affairs of Europe. At the same time Congress has repealed the embargo which it set up a few years back against selling arms to nations at war. But under a "cash and carry" arrangement they must "come and get it." On the question of staying out of this war there is more unanimity in the United States than at any previous time in her history.

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LAST CALL ON BONUS FOR 150,000 MEN

World War veterans and their dependents—and there are about 150,000 of them—who have not made application for their bonus, or Adjusted Compensation Certificates, are warned to do so before January 2, 1940. Time for filing will not be extended. A bill passed by Congress providing for an extension did not meet with Presidential approval and, under the present law, the time limit definitely expires on January 2d.

We're Not Afraid To Teach Patriotism

(Continued from page 29)

part of its student management organization, a corps of patrol boys who guard corners before and after school hours. These boys acquire fine habits of leadership and courtesy, and grow in a spirit of community service which is the essence of patriotism.

Chicago teachers feel that students should have an opportunity to operate for themselves the machinery of good citizenship within their own schools. Toward this end, practically every Chicago school—and there are 332 elementary, and 37 high schools—has set up a student government for the active participation of all. The standard pattern of government followed is that of the city. Opportunities are many for participation in activities of common interest to both school and community. Shared projects build pride in the local community and stress the interdependence of the

past, the present, and the future in civic life. Always, the spirit of service is emphasized as an essential element in all patriotic conduct.

The success of the national oratorical contest sponsored by The American Legion stands out among the achievements of the past school year. All 37 high schools participated, with a total of some 2,000 students. Fleetwood McCoy, a colored student of Lane Technical High School of Chicago, was the winner of the contest. He had the honor of addressing the recent Department Convention of the Legion at Peoria. Those present were agreeably surprised at the content and delivery of his speech, "The American Citizen, His Duties and Obligations Under the Constitution of the State of Illinois."

The essay contest of The American Legion in which the Chicago schools took

part offered a splendid opportunity to the student body to become acquainted with the constitution of our State. Although that document is studied in civics classes, the contest offered a chance for a more exact survey of our state laws. Chicago was happy when Edward Camenir of Manley High School won third place.

A unified program of Americanism was possible last year because of the splendid coöperation between The American Legion of Chicago and Cook County, and the office of the Superintendent of the Chicago Public Schools. It is my sincere desire that we continue working together for that patriotism which will result in a renewed pride in all that is American, and which will lead to an enlightened citizenship, the members of which will be eternally grateful that they breathe the air of this country, glad above all else that they are Americans.

Life Savers

(Continued from page 33)

height of about thirty feet. William Nuttle supervised the construction, aided by C. W. Dunton, Linton Pumphrey and Fred Stranz, members of the building committee, all experienced in one or more phases of building operations.

Teaching Americanism

TILLAMOOK (Oregon) Post and its Auxiliary Unit have won wide recognition for the work accomplished by their citizenship schools designed particularly to assist aliens to become citizens. But there are few who know that the active director of the Americanism

schools, and the one who carries the heavy burden of teaching and lecturing, is a blind veteran. He is Stewart P. Arnold, Chairman of the Post's Americanization Committee, and in this work is aided and assisted by Mrs. Arnold, who holds a similar assignment in the Tillamook Auxiliary Unit.

The Tillamook school was organized in the fall of 1938 with an enrollment of sixty applicants; within a year the number had increased to two hundred and the school work was expanded to serve other towns. The first classes were conducted in Tillamook with sessions on each Wednesday and Wednesday night, when a

school was organized at Wheeler with Sunday afternoon sessions. Two additional schools were opened at the beginning of the 1939-40 term, at Cloverdale and Garibaldi, and it is the belief of Chairman Arnold that a record number of naturalizations will be made during the coming year.

The first graduates of the school became citizens in a ceremony in the circuit court room on September 5th when, with Judge R. Frank Peters presiding, twenty-eight applicants successfully passed the tests. A banquet and reception was held in their honor on the evening of September 7th when, with Chairman and



Twenty Past Commanders in twenty-one years of service on the front lines—just one repeater—is the record of Western Electric Post of New York City. That Post rates the hundred percent club in more ways than in having all Pasts present and active

Mrs. Arnold as the guests of honor, the twenty-eight new citizens representing sixteen nationalities were presented their citizenship certificates.

The Legion Spirit

FOR more years than most old timers care to recall at one sitting, the names of the Utah Legion and Otto Wesley have been inseparably associated. A human dynamo in action, Legionnaire Wesley has held nearly every office in his Post and Department, and rendered yeoman service in each office. For thirteen years he served the Department of Utah as its Adjutant, then resigned to accept election as Department Commander, and is now Utah's National Executive Committeeman. During the years as Department Adjutant he carried on a law practice and for several years past he has been a member of the Public Service Commission of the State of Utah. Then the old heart machine that he had driven so hard for many years refused to be driven further—he collapsed while addressing a Legion meeting and his doctors stowed him away in a hospital for an indefinite stay.

Legionnaire Wesley was down, but not out. Pep messages to the Posts go out from his hospital room; one sent out at the end of his first four weeks is well worth passing on for its fine expression of the old fighting spirit that has made the Legion great: "I have no regrets," he says. "Not once during the past four weeks have I wished that I had not worked so hard, traveled so many miles, visited so many Posts, lost so much sleep. I would do it again if I could retrace my steps. The Legion is worth every sacrifice we have made. I am happy in the service I have been privileged to render our Legion and the thousands of friends I have made this past twenty-one years."

All Present, Sir

WHEN Adjutant G. A. Peers calls the roll of the Past Commanders of Salinas (California) Post he can report "all present or accounted for" and occasionally "all present." For of the twenty-one Past Commanders, twenty still re-

side in Salinas and are active in the Post. The stray member of the group gets in occasionally, or gets with the old gang in some other town, as he did when the picture, on the next page, was taken at the great Treasure Island Fair in San Francisco Bay.

Something funny about this Salinas Post—a survey discloses that there's not a lawyer or a regular M. D. in the bunch of P. C's. (There may be, at that; the Mayor, City Clerk and Truant Officer are listed under titles of their official positions). Maybe it's the climate.

Just for a change we'll list the occupations of these Past Commanders; it may be of interest to Legionnaires to know just what these Californians do in spare time when they are not working for the Legion or attending its conventions. Reading from left to right in the picture, arranged in order of service, in the front row: Ralph L. Hughes, banker; Jack Hunter, concession manager; Frank Heple, City Clerk; Oscar Daley, merchant; E. J. Leach, Mayor of Salinas; L. H. Nielsen, chiropractor; P. S. George, sales manager; W. T. Bramers, rancher, and M. A. Stoffey, florist. Rear row, left to right: Leo Andrus, trucking contractor; Charles B. Taylor, jeweler; W. W. McIntyre, druggist; H. S. Mathews, salesman; W. B. Murray, milk plant manager; P. B. Tavernetti, rancher; E. B. Austin, P. T. & T. installer; C. E. Butner, architect; J. P. Feliz, Truant Officer; L. M. Bloss, banker; E. K. Springer, traffic agent, and C. C. Brewer, manager truck company.

GETTING back to the East Coast, there's that always faithful Western Electric Post, 463 West Street, New York City, which boasts of twenty Past Commanders in twenty-one years of active service. Commander C. W. Stevens says it was a bit difficult for W. A. Bollinger, Commander for the 1922 and 1923 terms, to appear twice in the group picture which appears on the opposite page.

Western Electric Post has not only held its Past Commanders in active service, but has a remarkably large number of charter members still on its rolls—numbering an even fifty—to whom special honor was paid at the twentieth anniversary din- (Continued on page 58)

LEGIONNAIRE CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

PAT McBRAYER, Warren F. Hoyle Post, Shelby, North Carolina.
GEORGE SHANKS, Reville Post, Brooklyn, New York.
MARQUIS JAMES, S. Rankin Drew Post, New York City.
PETER B. KYNE, Merced (California) Post.
HERBERT M. STROOPS, First Division Lieut. Jefferson Feigl Post, New York City.
SAMUEL TAYLOR MOORE, Aviators Post, New York City.
FREDERICK C. PAINTON, William C. Morris Post, Fort Lauderdale, Florida.
RAYMOND SISLEY, Pacific Post, West Los Angeles, California.
WILLIAM H. JOHNSON, Albany Park Post, Chicago, Ill.

Conductors of regular departments of the magazine, all of whom are Legionnaires, are not listed.

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Life Savers

(Continued from page 57)



Ranchers, merchants, jewelers, druggists and bankers in this group of twenty-one Past Commanders of Salinas (California) Post, but not a lawyer or a doctor. All hale and hearty—it's the climate

ner held on the evening of September 25th. All the P. C's. were present at that memorable dinner and it was then that the group picture was shot for the Post archives. Reading from left to

right, seated, the Past Commanders are: J. M. Hayward, J. C. Kennelty, A. J. Engelberg, P. J. McGann, H. A. Doll, W. A. Bollinger, R. B. Miller, A. A. Reading, and F. J. Given. Standing, in

same order, C. W. Stevens, J. C. Cruger, L. F. Tellin, C. F. Swasey, W. E. Stevens, B. R. Blair, E. L. Erwin, T. U. Purring-ton, G. C. Pratt, J. N. McTighe and R. H. Miller. **BOYD B. STUTLER**

Gentlemen of the Press

(Continued from page 36)

boys are wearing regulation fatigue pants, and 100-pound flour sacks for undershirts. These sacks solved the laundry problem as they could be thrown away when soiled.

"Leaving Dijon on March 20, 1919, we went to Marseilles, from which port we sailed on April 19th on the S. S. *Columbia* which had been taken from the Austrians and was operated by an Italian crew. Wonder how many of the boys will remember the live oxen which were tied on the forward deck and killed as we needed them for meat. There was no refrigeration on the ship, but we had no trouble with spoiled meat through this handling. And how many recall the nice shower bath we received when we reached the Gulf Stream? They called us out on deck, dressed à la September Morn, and turned the fire hose on us!

"I would like to hear from the old comrades of Bakery Company 327."

OUT of the trenches by Christmas! That well-known slogan of World War time finally worked out—but not during the year for which it was intended. Christmas, 1918, did find the soldiers out

of the trenches, but it also found almost two million American soldiers still thousands of miles from home. The troops, however, made the best of the situation and wherever American soldiers were congregated, Christmas was observed. A picture of one such celebration—on German soil—came from Mathias A. Lefeber of Route 1, New Holstein, Wisconsin, who belongs to the Legion Post in nearby Chilton, and served with Company D, 354th Infantry, 89th Division. The picture, shown on page 36, came with this letter:

"With the holiday season not too far off, I am enclosing a picture of a Christmas celebration held in Lünebach, Germany, on Christmas Day of 1918. The trees were gathered from the nearby woods for the affair. Unfortunately I did not take part in the celebration because it was just my luck to be on guard duty. My post included the bridge over the river which runs through the town.

"Several inches of snow had fallen during the night before, as is shown on the trees and roofs. I do not remember whether this was a company or a battalion affair, but I do know they are all

men of my regiment, the 354th Infantry.

"A month or so later when I happened to be on guard on this particular post, the building shown caught fire. Someone came running out of the building and yelled 'Fire!' I shot several shots into the air to draw the other soldiers' attention. The fire was not serious and was quickly extinguished. I still have the discharged shell and I am now proud of it as this one was an American shell actually fired on German soil in line of duty with the Army of Occupation.

"Many months ago you published in *Then and Now* a story about a snapshot picture of two German children, found by an American soldier during the war, which you had just succeeded in returning to the mother of the children in Germany. It was her first news as to where and when her husband had lost his life during the war. Several months later a similar story appeared in the *Sheboygan Press* of Sheboygan, Wisconsin—only the situation was reversed. A mess kit had been returned, through Prescott-Bayens Post of the Legion in that city, to the parents of Paul Sass, Company C, 50th Infantry, 4th Division, who had been

killed in action during the Meuse-Argonne Offensive on October 3, 1918.

"The messkit, upon the cover of which Sass had inscribed his name, outfit and address, had been found by a German soldier, Johann Stumpf, more recently Deputy Collector in Reutlingen, Württemberg, Germany, and had been kept by him as a souvenir through all the intervening years. Late last year, the German veteran wrote to the mayor of Sheboygan and through the ensuing correspondence, located the deceased soldier's parents. The messkit was brought back to Sheboygan by Walter Knippel, editor of the Sheboygan *Amerika*, when he returned from a visit to Europe, and at a meeting of the Legion Post was turned over to a member of the Sass family."

THIS department can report to the Then and Now Gang another successful identification of one of the "whoosit" pictures that appear from time to time in these columns. In July last, we reproduced a snapshot of a lone soldier and a pooch surrounded by almost two dozen women, apparently in party attire. It was sent to us by Steve Hanna of Toledo, Ohio, who had found it in his war archives and knew nothing about the group or how he had acquired the picture. Under the picture we asked, "Who?—Where?—When?—Why?"

Right off the bat came a letter from Mrs. Harry F. (Mary Walker) Nelson of Warren, Pennsylvania, who said:

"The picture on page 61 of the July Legion Magazine was evidently taken in my home town of Stockport, Ohio, as I recognize most of the people in the group. The soldier in the picture is my cousin, Jesse Lane, who is now a school teacher (I think superintendent of a school), in Massillon, Ohio. I do not know his address, but I have written to his sister, Miss Goldie Lane in Stockport, Ohio, telling her to call his attention to the picture. I hope that through this action, perhaps some old wartime friendships may be re-established.

"I am President-elect of Chief Cornplanter Post's Auxiliary Unit here in Warren."

From Heber Springs, Arkansas, Legionnaire Robert W. Webb wrote to say: "I feel very sure that this man is Corporal Harry A. Apostol of Toledo, Ohio, who served in Company D, 38th Infantry, 3d Division, and according to *The Story of the Thirty-Eighth*, written by Lieutenant C. E. Lovejoy, Apostol died in France from wounds received in action."

Hanna then received a letter from Fay H. Copening of Waverly, Ohio, who said that the second woman from the left of the group was Mrs. Blanche Carpenter Kellogg, graduate of Springfield City Hospital in 1915, and that she would send Mrs. Kellogg a card about the picture.

But then came the first confirmation—from John L. McKittrick, ex-mechanic, Company C, 1st Anti-Aircraft Machine Gun Battalion, member of Man o' War Post in Lexington, Kentucky. Said McKittrick:

"Concerning the photograph on page 61 of the July issue, the soldier in the picture is an old buddy of mine. We started out with Company M of the old 7th Ohio Infantry which later became a part of Company D, 148th Infantry. He is Jesse Lane, formerly of Stockport, Ohio. While old M Company was still at the Armory in McConnelsville, Ohio, Jesse's folks invited us down to his home for a dinner on the lawn of the Lane home. We hiked down the river from McConnelsville to Stockport and, if I am not mistaken, the picture was taken at that time and the women in the picture served the dinner. The dog is M Company's mascot.

"The fourth lady from the left, standing, is Jesse's sister, Dorothy. Goldie is another sister, sitting next to the dog. The last I heard of Jess he was located somewhere around Columbus, Ohio. I am sure if Steve Hanna should write the Commander of Malconta Post in McConnelsville, he or some of the boys could tell him where to locate Jess.

"Company M went to Camp Sheridan, Alabama, for training and I volunteered for overseas service with the 1st Anti-Aircraft Machine Gun Battalion, so went over ahead of the 148th Infantry and have never met Jess since."

To clinch the identification, a letter then came to us from Jesse B. Lane, himself, from his home at 320 Tremont Avenue, S. E., Massillon, Ohio. He wrote at the same time to Hanna and to his cousin, Mrs. Nelson, who had given us the first clue. In the letter, we read:

"I am writing you in reference to the picture in the July Legion Magazine, sent to you by Steve Hanna of Toledo. I do not know Hanna nor do I have any idea how the picture came into his possession. As I wrote him, I do not recall ever having the snapshot while in camp or while in France.

"The soldier in the picture is myself. It was taken at my home in August, 1917, while we were assembled in the local armory. I enlisted in Company M of the old Seventh Ohio at McConnelsville, June, 1917.

"While we were training at McConnelsville and awaiting orders to move to Camp Sheridan, the company was often entertained by the various communities over the county. This picture was taken on one of those occasions. The citizens of Stockport entertained the company at the home of my father who owned a farm at the edge of the village. We were fed so much chicken, watermelon, ice cream, etc., that we were hardly able to make the ten miles back to McConnelsville.

"Now I know you are curious about all the women (Continued on page 60)

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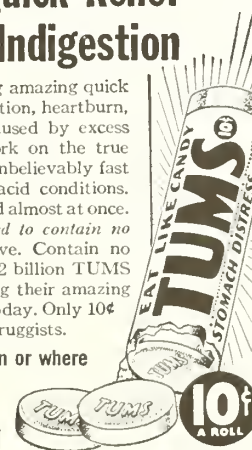
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Gentlemen of the Press

(Continued from page 59)

in the picture. They were members of a Sunday School class I had while teaching. I was subjected to a great deal of kidding by the boys while this picture was being snapped. The dog was one of the company mascots. I know this is rather a disappointing report—not very romantic. Two of the girls in the group are my sisters, the others friends in the home town.

"Our National Guard company became part of the 148th Infantry, 37th Division. After arrival overseas I was transferred from Company D to Headquarters Company, and remained with it until discharged April 22, 1919 . . . On the thirty-first of October I was wounded at Olsene, Belgium, and sent to a British Base Hospital at Boulogne. Upon my return to the outfit, I was sent to 2d Battalion Headquarters and later made a battalion sergeant major.

"I am a teacher in Washington High School here in Massillon, and have a son 18 and a daughter 16. I am a member of the local Legion Post.

"You have been instrumental in renewing my friendship with McKittrick. May I thank you again for your interest and kindness in the whole matter."

Finally, a letter from Mrs. Nelson, which sums up the case: "Well, I have finally heard from that elusive cousin of mine—Jesse Lane. Really, this matter of the picture seems to be running into something like a family reunion or old home week, for this John McKittrick who wrote you, is married to a sort of a cousin of mine . . ."

That's a nice thing about this job of Company Clerk.

BOSTON bound! Signs already point to a record-breaking trek to Beantown September 23d-26th next, when the Legion National Convention goes into session. Added to tens of thousands of regular conventionnaires will be additional thousands who will enjoy at the same time the reunion of their old service outfit. It's getting to be a profitable habit with scores of outfits—profitable in greatly increased attendance at reunions and in added interest in the organization. So why not get plans under way to meet your particular group of wartime comrades in Boston in September?

Reunions already announced for the Boston Convention, together with the Legionnaires in charge, follow:

NATL. ASSOC. AMER. BALLOON CORPS VETS.—Engene F. Daley, chmn., 136 Highland av., Somerville, Mass.

NORTH SEA MINE FORCE ASSOC.—Recently re-organized. Reunion of all vets of Mine-layers, Mine-sweepers, etc. J. Frank Burke, secy., 3 Sherwood rd., West Roxbury, Mass.

Soc. of 3d Div.—Convention reunion. Hq. at Hotel Bradford, Boston. Geo. F. Dobbs, reunion secy., 9 Colby st., Belmont, Mass.

55th Div. Assoc.—3d annual reunion-banquet. John J. Kraniak, pres., Mariner Tower, Milwaukee, Wisc.

23d ENGRS. ASSOC.—Dennis J. Clynes, secy., 7940 Karlov av., Niles Center, Ill.

317th F. S. BN.—22d annual reunion, Parker House, Boston, Sept. 23. If you do not receive *Battalion Review*, write John J. Doyle, secy., 61 First st., Medford, Mass.

CHEM. WARFARE SERV. ASSOC.—Geo. W. Nichols, secy.-treas., R. D. 3, Box 75, Kingston, N. Y.

BAKERY Co. 337—1st reunion and banquet. L. E. Bancroft, Box 79, Sudbury, Mass.

1st PURSUIT GROUP, A. E. F. (SQRNS. 27, 94, 95, 147, 185 & 218)—For details, write Finley J. Strunk, secy.-treas., 176 Roosevelt av., Bergenfield, N. J.

CAMP SEVIER BASE HOSP. ASSOC.—Proposed reunion. Send name and address for roster to M. R. Callaway, organizer, 566 W. Third st., Dayton, Ohio.

SPRUCE PROD. Div. ASSOC.—Wm. N. Edwards, secy.-treas., 422 Greenleaf st., Evanston, Ill.

U. S. S. Dixie—Dr. R. O. Levell, chmn., Box 163, New Castle, Ind.

U. S. S. Housatonic (North Sea Mine Force)—Vets interested in convention reunion, write to Ross H. Currier, 108 Mass. av., Boston, Mass.

U. S. S. Yacona—Vets interested in proposed reunion, write Geo. J. Geisser, Public Bldgs. Dept., City Hall, Providence, R. I.

REUNIONS and activities at times and places other than the Legion National Convention, follow:

Soc. of 3d Div.—Annual convention and reunion, Philadelphia, Pa., July 15-18. Write Harry Cedar, secy., Arlington, Va. Third Div. vets are requested to send names and addresses to Sgt. Bill Shomaker, 3811 25th pl., N. E., Washington, D. C., to add to roster of more than 8,000. The sergeant receives many requests for addresses of buddies.

4TH Div. ASSOC. (N. Y. CHAP.)—Regular meetings, 2d Wed. each month, Columbia Univ. Club, 4 W. 43d st., New York City. W. J. Massey, secy., 259 W. 14th st., New York City.

5TH Div.—Divisional history, five dollars. Wm. Barton Bruce, 48 Ayrault st., Providence, R. I.

7TH Div.—Proposed permanent veterans organization. W. F. Root, 824 S. 2d st., Springfield, Ill.

12TH (PLYMOUTH) Div.—Organization and reunion. New England 12th vets and 42d Inf. vets write L. Irving Beach, 175 High st., Bristol, Conn.; all other 12th vets write Geo. H. Thamer, 31 Thatcher av., Buffalo, N. Y.

Soc. of 28TH Div.—To prepare up-to-date roster report to Walter W. Haughtery, secy.-treas., 1444 S. Vedges st., Philadelphia, Pa.

30TH Div.—450-page divisional history. Order from E. A. Murphy, Lepanto, Ark.

DIXIE (31ST) Div. ASSOC.—All Dixie vets invited to join association and receive information about reunion in Jacksonville Beach, Fla. in June. John B. Williams, pres., Box 643, Miami, Fla.

32D Div. VETS. ASSOC.—Life membership, two dollars, includes free divisional history. No annual dues. Byron Beveridge, secy., State Capitol, Madison, Wisc.

RAINBOW (42D) Div. VETS.—22d annual convention and reunion, Montgomery, Ala., July 12-14. Albert Hoyt, natl. secy., 3792 W. 152d st., Cleveland, Ohio.

83D Div. A. E. F. VETS. ASSOC.—For roster, write Ollie J. Haag, adjt., 312 Akron Savings & Loan bldg., Akron, Ohio.

89TH Div. Soc. (EASTERN SEC.)—Now being organized. Write Louis A. Falk, temp. chmn., 107 Kensington av., Jersey City, N. J.

5TH INF.—Proposed organization and reunion. Louis Siegel, 99-25 62d dr., Forest Hills, L. I., N. Y.

308TH INF.—Reunion dinner (stag). Hotel Gov. Clinton, New York City, Feb. 3. Chas. E. Kist, chmn., 28 E. 39th st., New York City.

353D (ALL-KANSAS) INF. S.C.—Annual reunion, Hutchinson, Kans., Labor Day week-end, Aug. 31-Sept. 2. Copies regimental history now available at one dollar and sixty cents, postage prepaid. John C. Hughes, secy., 829 East B, Hutchinson.

106TH INF., Co. F—For membership in Last Man's Club, write Thos. E. Nee, 920 E. 10th st., Brooklyn, N. Y.

140TH INF., Co. I—For picture of 1939 reunion and information of 1940 reunion in Kennett, Mo., write L. E. Wilson, 3410 Wayne av., Kansas City, Mo.

328TH INF., Co. L—Proposed reunion, Boston, Mass., during winter. Write Jas. F. Stearns, 25 Lochmere av., N. Weymouth, Mass.

308TH INF., Co. K—Reunion dinner, 77th Div. Clubhouse, 28 E. 39th st., New York City, Sat., May 4. Simon Reiss, 105 Bennett av., New York City.

54TH PIONEER INF.—Annual reunion, 71st Inf. Armory, 34th & Park av., New York City, Thurs., Jan. 4, 6:30 p.m. C. Wilson Fry, 531 Stanwood st., Fox Chase, Phila., Pa.

183d F. A.—Send name, address and fifty cents. Herman Bach, 5921 N. 34th St., Omaha, Nebr., for your copy of *The Wanderings and Travels of the 83d*.

59TH ART. BTRY. F.—Reunion dinner, The Midwood, Flatbush av., near Clarendon, Brooklyn, N.Y., Sat., Jan. 27. John M. McGrath, 3605 Glenwood rd., Brooklyn.

124TH F. A., BTRY. A—21st annual reunion,

Springfield, Ill., Jan. 21. Emmett Rebok, chmn., 800 S. Ninth st., Springfield.

65TH BALLOON CO., FT. OMAHA and ARCADIA, CALIF.—Proposed reunion. C. A. Carroll, G. & C. Fry, Co., W. Monroe & Olds sts., Sandusky, Ohio.

BASE HOSP. 48—Regimental history ready for distribution. Five dollars. W. H. Felton, secy.-treas., 153 Rutland rd., Glen Rock, N. J.

GEN. HQ. BN., A. E. F.—Vets of Chaumont, Bourges, Tours, etc., organized in 1939. Gen. Pershing, Honorary President. Reunion, Detroit

Leland Hotel, Detroit, Mich., Oct. 19-20. Write C. A. Maynard, pres., 93 Wenonah dr., Pontiac, Mich., to be placed on roster.

197TH BN., CANADIAN EXPED. FORCES—Vets of "American Legion" Bn. send names and addresses to Thos. McLaughlin, 2111 McKinley st., Berkeley, Calif. Forming association.

JOHN J. NOLL
The Company Clerk

Whom We Delight To Honor

(Continued from page 11)

which changed the economic and political history of the United States and caused him endless trouble in futile efforts to protect his patent. He was also the father of mass production, which a hundred years later changed the industrial picture in America. In 1798 he obtained a contract to make 12,000 rifles for the Government and organized a factory in which one man made stocks, another triggers and so on instead of each fabricating a complete rifle. This innovation made him rich. William Thomas Green Morton, a dentist of Baltimore, was voted on over a period of twenty years before he was elected in 1920. In 1846 he gave a patient ether before he pulled his tooth—and it did not hurt. The discovery has relieved more human suffering than any other achievement of man. But it did not relieve the suffering in the heart of Morton, who saw his claims to honors and wealth disregarded in favor of another.

By the Hall of Fame's own classification authors lead the list with sixteen representatives. Rulers-Statesmen are next with fifteen, Scientists 7, Soldiers and Sailors 5, Educators 5, Preachers and Theologians 5, Musicians-Painters-Sculptors 5, Inventors 4, Lawyers and Judges 4, Philanthropists-Reformers 3, Engineers-Architects, Physicians-Surgeons, and Missionaries-Explorers, one each. Seven of the seventy-two are women.

Such is the list to date. Fashions in fame are changing, however, and while it will not be possible for the Hall to reflect this to any extent for another thirty years, it is possible to perceive the trend. Business men, industrialists, inventors and builders are leaving their mark in America today where statesmen, soldiers and writers did it in bygone generations from which the membership of the Hall necessarily has been chosen. For years Samuel Adams, the fiery apostle of the Revolution, and John Jay, the first Chief Justice of the United States, were well up in the voting, but in 1935 Adams dropped to a mere thirteen and Jay had an insignificant nine. On the other hand, Walter Reed, the American Army surgeon whose researches in Cuba during the Spanish-American War whipped the yellow fever scourge, has steadily progressed since 1920, when he had fourteen votes, to a healthy 57 in the last election.

The shades of two noted Americans are probably haunting the Senate of

New York University, because a ruling of that body kept them from being admitted in 1920. At that time the Senate went over the names submitted in nomination and culled from the list those whom they considered "more justly famous." In that year there were 101 electors, and those in the "more justly famous" list needed but fifty-one votes to be admitted to the Hall. The others had to get 68. Louisa May Alcott, best known as the author of "Little Women," got 57 votes, and General Phil Sheridan 52, but neither was on the preferred list, and so missed out. Alice Freeman Palmer, whose name is unquestionably less widely known than that of the general, and probably, now that "Little Women" has been produced in the talkies, less familiar than Miss Alcott's, got in with a vote of 53. She was President of Wellesley College and did notable work in the educational field. In 1935 Sheridan did not get a single vote. Miss Alcott got 28.

After 1920 the "more justly famous" list was abolished. In 1922 all discrimination against women was abolished. Up to that time they had been placed in a separate section of the Colonnade. Now they take their places with the men. It was in 1922 also that the margin of time after death was extended from ten to twenty-five years. Had Mark Twain failed to get in in 1920 he would not have been eligible until 1935. No authors have been chosen since 1930, but in the last election Henry George, who is placed in that classification because of his "Progress and Poverty," although he might just as well have been put forward as a reformer, received 56 votes, while Sidney Lanier, the Confederate veteran whose "Song of the Chattahoochee" and other poems have given him a nation-wide recognition, got 55, and Noah Webster, father of the American Dictionary, had 54. All of the names placed in nomination are submitted to the Senate of New York University for its approval and then placed upon a formal ballot which is sent to the whole body of electors, this year numbering 114. To win through to election requires a vote of three-fifths of the electors.

The Director of the Hall of Fame, Dr. John H. Finley, distinguished educator and editor, invites Americans to send in nominations to his office at 630 Fifth Avenue in New (Continued on page 62)

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Whom We Delight To Honor

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York City, on blanks which the Hall of Fame furnishes for that purpose. Nobody who died after December 31, 1915, is eligible for the election of 1940. Notable Americans who have become eligible since the 1935 balloting include Wilbur Wright, who in 1903, with his brother Orville made the first heavier-than-air flight at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, Joseph Pulitzer, the noted newspaper publisher, and Alfred T. Mahan, United States Navy, whose book "The Influence of Sea Power on History" has been a classic for more than forty years.

So far Lee and Maury are the only Confederate men-at-arms in the Hall, the latter, however, having been selected for his scientific attainments rather than for any military prowess. No other category of Americans whose view of their duties placed them in opposition to the Government has been recognized. A feeble effort in favor of the Indian has won a scattering of votes for Pocahontas, but the giants of the red race such as Pontiac and Tecumseh are still apparently without the pale. One of them gets his name in the Hall, however. A pioneer Ohio judge knew the great Shawnee chieftain and thought so highly of his personal character that he named his son William Tecumseh Sherman. In Daniel Boone we have America's tribute to its sons of the frontier. George Rogers Clark, who won the West for the flag during the Revolution, died in poverty and until recently was neglected by history. He may some day rejoin his old comrade. Clark received 46 votes in 1935, the most he has ever had.

The newer trend discloses itself in the increasing number of votes for inventors, scientists, physicians, men of business, and artists. Cyrus H. McCormick, inventor of the reaper, has always had a large following among the electors. In 1935 he polled fifty-five votes. Josiah Willard Gibbs and Walter Reed we have already mentioned. Among men of business

Cyrus W. Field, a Massachusetts paper manufacturer who financed the first Atlantic Cable, had twenty-five votes in 1935, more than any other person in that grouping has been able to command. If he is elected he will find congenial company in Peter Cooper, whose glue factory provided funds to start the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, and George Peabody, whose philanthropies were made possible by the success of his department stores in Philadelphia and Baltimore. John Singleton Copley, painter, with thirty-eight votes topped nominees in the arts section in 1935, with Edward MacDowell, musician, taking second place with 29.

James Buchanan Eads of Indiana, who in 1874 completed his bridge across the Mississippi at St. Louis is the only builder on the list in the Hall, though Americans are the greatest race of builders since the Romans.

The whole great field of electricity, without which modern civilization could not exist, is represented by but three names—Franklin, Samuel F. B. Morse, inventor of the telegraph, and Joseph Henry. The vast field of science and industry comprehended by the ascendancy of the motor car has never had a candidate except Charles Goodyear. No modern financier has been voted upon.

The time is too soon for these things. Edison has been dead only eight years, and already Edison is ranked with the pioneers, the Boones of electricity. Very wisely the electors of the Hall of Fame must wait and view these things in perspective. Fifty years from now a surer and clearer view of the beginnings of the wireless and automobile age can be had. Possibly some one unknown to us now may be honored—someone who like Joseph Henry preferred to labor in obscurity. "I cannot be bothered with making money," said Henry, who might have added, "or meeting the requirements of contemporary fame." His electrical studies made the ocean cable possible.

THE AMERICAN HALL OF FAME

(In order of election)

1900

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JAMES MADISON, 1751-1836.....	56
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HARRIET BEECHER STOWE, 1811-1896.....	74
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CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN, 1816-1876.....	53
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WILLIAM T. G. MORTON, 1819-1868.....	72
AUGUSTUS SAINT-GAUDENS, 1848-1907.....	67
ROGER WILLIAMS, 1607-1684.....	66
PATRICK HENRY, 1736-1799.....	57
ALICE FREEMAN PALMER, 1855-1902.....	53
JAMES BUCHANAN EADS, 1820-1887.....	51

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JOHN PAUL JONES, 1747-1792.....	68

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JAMES A. MCN. WHISTLER, 1834-1903.....	74
JAMES MONROE, 1758-1831.....	66
MATTHEW F. MAURY, 1806-1873.....	66
WALT WHITMAN, 1819-1892.....	64

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WILLIAM PENN, 1644-1718.....	83
SIMON NEWCOMB, 1835-1909.....	78
GROVER CLEVELAND, 1837-1908.....	77

*In 1905 there were only 95 electors, and 48 was the minimum required for election.

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**THE AMERICAN LEGION
NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA**

**FINANCIAL STATEMENT
October 31, 1939**

Assets

Cash on hand and on deposit.....	\$ 493,773.99
Notes and accounts receivable.....	115,384.67
Inventories.....	80,888.79
Invested funds.....	1,930,603.40
Permanent investments:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund.....	204,418.51
Office building, Washington, D. C., less depreciation.....	123,097.64
Furniture, fixtures and equipment, less depreciation.....	32,683.94
Deferred charges.....	24,833.03
	<u>\$3,005,683.97</u>

**Liabilities, Deferred Revenue
and Net Worth**

Current liabilities.....	\$ 99,924.05
Funds restricted as to use.....	32,012.67
Deferred revenue.....	307,123.52
Permanent trust:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund.....	204,418.51
Net Worth:	
Restricted capital.....	\$1,924,356.73
Unrestricted capital.....	437,848.49
	<u>2,362,205.22</u>
	<u>\$3,005,683.97</u>

Bursts and Duds

Conducted by Dan Sowers

SERVICE Officer Paul R. Roach of Rock Rapids, Iowa, tells the one about a salesman passing through a small town who had several hours to while away. Seeing one of the townspeople, he asked:

"Any picture show in town, my friend?"

"Nope, not a one, stranger."

"Well, is there a pool room or bowling alley?"

"Nope."

"What form of amusement do you have here?"

"Well, come on down to the drug store," the man said. "There's a freshman home from the university."

MRS. Joe Rabinovich, of Grand Forks, North Dakota, sends us the one about two farmer boys who went to the circus and took in the side show. When they got to the elephants, one of the boys turned to the other and said:

"No wonder they call 'em elephants; they're so darn big."

COMRADE W. K. Hackler of Elbert, West Virginia, tells about the young couple sitting on a park bench in the moonlight. With a sudden bit of fervor, the young man said:

"Darling, while we are here in the moonlight, I would like to ask you—"

"Yes, dear; go on."

"If we could move over a little; I'm sitting on a nail."

LEGIONNAIRE George C. Biggar of Cincinnati, Ohio, recalls the time when a bunch of shave-tails of the S. A. T. C. were getting ready for the war in a fraternity house on the campus of the University of California. Armistice rumors had been coming and going like the rise and fall of the tide. One morning they were all routed out by ringing bells and shrieks of whistles. As they stood around wondering if this was really the end of the war, Jimmie Berry, one of the fellows from Marquette, exclaimed:

"Go back to bed, boys; I think the Kaiser has just heard of the S. A. T. C. and called off the war."

ACCORDING to Walter M. Wood of Portsmouth, Ohio, he and some of the gang were fighting the war over at the Chicago Convention, when one mentioned he had been in the rest camp at Cherbourg. Walter told the comrade that he, too, had been there, and one thing he would never forget was the great number of magpies around Cherbourg

The comrade looked puzzled for a moment and then said:

"Let's see, what kind of uniform did they wear?"

AND there's the one about the man who was tuning in his radio, and said to his wife:

"I believe I'm getting lumbago."

"Well, tune it out," said his wife. "You won't be able to understand a word they say."

ACCORDING to Grand Chef de Gare Logan E. Ruggles of San Diego, California, a young member of the navy

wanted to make some corporals. One of the men was doing fine drilling a squad until they approached the top of the hill, and all at once were confronted with a horse and buggy coming up from the other side. The man could not think of a way to avoid a collision, but just as the squad was about to march into the horse, he gave the amazing but effective command:

"Squad! Fifty-fifty around that buggy, MARCH!"

FOR the sign collectors, Stanley Colburn, of Washington, D. C., writes that at a point on the Washington-Alexandria highway where a road turns off to a large government project, the motorists are faced with this enlightening information:

*Do not enter
ENTRANCE*

A WOMAN who had recently come into quite a fortune decided to have her portrait painted. The artist had called to confer on the subject.

"Shall I paint you in evening dress?" he inquired.

"Oh, that's not necessary," replied the woman. "Just wear your overalls."

A TAXI was creeping slowly through the New York rush-hour traffic and the passenger was in a hurry.

"Please," said the passenger, "can't you go any faster?"

"Sure I can," he replied, "but I ain't allowed to leave the taxi."

"Look, Senator—Cyrus remembers you!"

hospital corps was being examined for pharmacist's mate, third class.

"Name three articles containing starch," said the examining officer.

"Two cuffs and a collar."

FROM Mrs. Bess Hurst, of Coronado, California, comes the story about the time her father—Brigadier General Henry D. Styer, retired—was driving through Nevada and was prostrated by the heat. At the first filling station the General's wife inquired of the attendant:

"Is there a Veterans Hospital in this town?"

"No'm, we've just got a regular hospital," replied the man. "But, there's a veterinarian just down the street."

LEGIONNAIRE Arthur V. Johnson, of Osage City, Kansas, tells about a time when he was on duty at Camp Doniphan, Oklahoma. His company commander told him to put some privates in charge of the drill that morning as he

JUST the other day someone recalled a story Colonel William Haywood, who commanded the 369th Infantry (colored) in France, told about the time when a group of high ranking French officers came to his headquarters for a conference. The colonel's dog robber, Sam, had been instructed to clean up the headquarters tent for the coming conference, but when the officers arrived he he was still pushing his broom around, though unobtrusively. One item of conversation in the tent Sam took to heart, and after the meeting he said:

"Colonel, sah, what was that y'all was sayin' about if the Germans broke through the lines and came back here?"

"Why, we were discussing just what my command would have to do in case that happened, Sam?"

"What, Colonel sah, would y'all do?"

"I don't know exactly, Sam. What would you do?"

"Ah reckon Ah'd spread that news all over France, Colonel."



Outdoor Advertising Assn.



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The American Legion Marches Again . . . In Its Twenty-First Year More Than a Million Strong . . . Working to Preserve America's Peace.

☆ This year it is our task to preserve for our youth the rich heritage of Americanism that Washington founded, Lincoln preserved, and Legionnaires, with their comrades in arms, defended.

The artist has caught this conception of the 1940 Legionnaire in another fine 4-color, 24-sheet Poster for the Outdoor Panels of America.

Thirty thousand Outdoor Panels will be ready to dis-

play this Poster—bringing all the color that modern lithography can contribute to the success of our efforts in 1940.

Again the Outdoor Advertising Association of America, Inc., stands ready to work with your Post in giving The American Legion's message to Outdoor America. *Get your Post to place the order for Posters Now.*

The American Legion has approved this design. Exclusive authorization has been granted the Morgan Lithograph Company, Cleveland, Ohio, to make and distribute all American Legion Posters, Display Cards, and Miniature Stickers carrying this design.

----- ORDER BLANK—REMITTANCE, PAYABLE TO THE MORGAN LITHOGRAPH CO., MUST ACCOMPANY THIS ORDER -----

MORGAN LITHOGRAPH COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO


1940

Please enter our order for posters @ \$1.00 each delivered. Check or money order for \$..... enclosed.
 window cards @ 6c each delivered. (Minimum order 20 cards.)
 miniature stickers @ 3c each delivered. (Minimum order 50 stickers.)

Post Ship posters to local poster plant owner:
 No. Dept. of Name
 Street Street
 City City State

Post Adjutant or Commander

Approval of Local Poster Plant Owner

A woman with dark hair styled in a 1940s fashion, wearing a blue and red costume with white stars and a red band with gold patterns. She is holding a pack of Chesterfield cigarettes with both hands, smiling at the camera. Red and yellow streamers are floating around her head.

Watch the change to Chesterfield
says **DONNA DAE**
CHESTERFIELD'S JANUARY GIRL
starring with
FRED WARING'S PENNSYLVANIANS

FORECASTING MORE SMOKING PLEASURE FOR 1940

Chesterfield

Change to Chesterfields and you'll get
what you want...*real mildness and better taste.*
You can't buy a better cigarette.